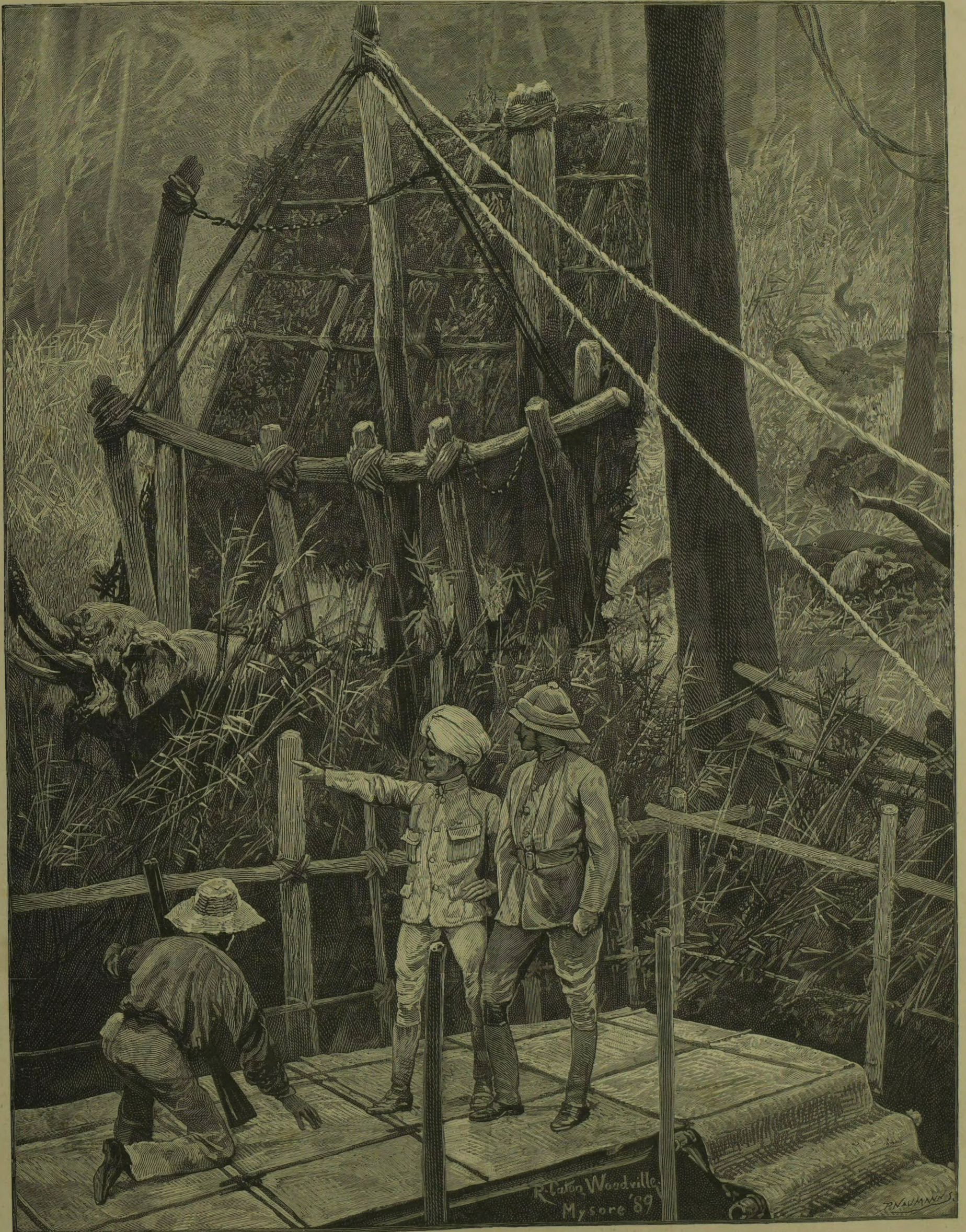


# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1890.

WITH SIXPENCE.  
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PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR IN INDIA: CATCHING WILD ELEPHANTS AT THE GOVERNMENT KHEDAH IN THE MYSORE DISTRICT.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Though nothing can excuse the infamous and brutal incidents of the late prize-fight at Bruges, it is not generally understood that in "pugilism" itself, even where it is not prize-fighting, there is a certain inherent brutality, not necessarily the accompaniment of any other kind of combat: the "wild beast of force" seems to prefer the fists as an abiding place to "the sinews." A curious example of this is narrated by the late Captain Budd, the famous cricketer, a man too fond of every description of athletics (and also a very pretty performer with the gloves) to be suspected of prejudice in this matter. He used to spar at Jackson's with Captain Barclay, the pedestrian, himself a genuine sportsman, and in ordinary affairs incapable of anything unfair or brutal; but in "keeping his head" (with his hands) he was wont to lose it, and his temper also. On one occasion, soon after the commencement of a "set to" between them, Barclay fell from a blow, and, on rising, attributed his fall, with some heat, to the floor having had too much water sprinkled on it. "No, no," answered Budd, laughing, "it was this that did it, my friend," at the same time jocosely striking the back of one glove in the palm of the other. "He immediately rushed at me," says Budd, "in the most savage manner, and getting me into a corner of the room forced my head backwards through a cupboard door. An arrangement had been made that, being a stone and a half heavier, he should not take advantage of his height in a corner. Though Jackson was under great obligations to Barclay, he could not resist the impulse to cry out, 'For shame! Captain; for shame!'"

Nor was this an exceptional instance of the effect of pugilism upon the Captain's morals. Barclay was a powerful fighter, and when any fresh man came into the London ring he would put on the gloves with him; "but it was not among the things generally known that he had a pair stuffed especially for such trials—i.e. only half stuffed." In one of these trials Barclay arrived late, and, by mistake, Young Molyneux got one of these gloves: the Captain was ashamed to ask for it, and in consequence got his ribs fractured, which one is glad to read.

It must be confessed that among the better class of pugilists a certain bulldog pertinacity was developed, not unworthy of admiration. Before Tom Cribb fought Jem Belcher, he prophesied: "You'll see that my head will break his hands to pieces." Cribb's head was frightfully disfigured, and so certain did his defeat appear that not only was 20 to 1 laid against him, but Jackson (under whose professional auspices the affair was conducted) exclaimed: "Gentlemen, keep your seats; there will be another fight directly." In a few minutes, however, Belcher, apparently unhurt, gave in, and "walked round the ring showing his knuckles driven up."

Whatever may be said of Mr. Browning's later productions, the objections urged against the too fortunate lover in "Locksley Hall" (Number One) can certainly not apply to them: "He will answer to the purpose easy things to understand"; they are not easy, except, perhaps, to members of the Browning Society. With his earlier and shorter poems the case is different: his "Dramatic Fragments" are not only as fine as anything in the language, but can be appreciated by all intelligent readers; but the contents of the latest volume are not poems to be sent by telegraph. This somewhat crucial test was applied to them in the case of a provincial paper, with a very humorous result. The editor makes his apology to the reader in words to the following effect: "Our London Correspondent has, with his usual enterprise, forwarded us some extracts from Mr. Browning's new volume; but the verses are not, of course, of the class of which it can be said 'He that runs may read'; and they have been sent us by wire, and, consequently, without stops. Under these circumstances we have been unable to discover with exactness where the lines begin or end, and have been obliged to present them in that somewhat amorphous state to our readers, who will, however, doubtless derive an intellectual satisfaction in arranging them for themselves."

Of all living authors (and, for that matter, of dead ones too) Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is certainly the most given to optimism. That one who has pursued the literary calling for so many years should have such views is especially creditable, for when most of his contemporaries reach old age they are apt to regret the circumstance. It is a calling which "begins in gladness," but, as a very distinguished member of it has observed, "thereof comes in the end despondency and madness," and, at all events, despondency. Men of letters are generally far from wealthy; that great comfort of a protracted life—leisure in old age, is denied them; for when they can no longer work they are often a burden on those they love. It is true that their reputation grows with their years; but when they have ceased to write it does not support them. It is even possible that fame may begin to pall a little upon authors after seventy. Browning seems to have been an exception, if the remark, "This is very gratifying," which he is said to have made on hearing of the success of his new volume, were his last words. It is, perhaps, because Oliver Wendell Holmes is a doctor as well as an author that he takes such cheerful views of longevity. A good doctor is always on the side of life, and against its opposite; his motto (for his patient's use, at all events) is "Never say die." But, unless this poet and humorist is joking (which is quite possible, for he is very good at it, and never better than in the article in the *Atlantic Monthly* which has evoked this Note), his observations will amaze a good many old people. "If one lives to be seventy," he says, "one soon gets used to the text with 'threescore years and ten' in it. The octogenarian loves to read about people of ninety and over. He is curious about the biographies of centenarians." This clinging to life in so noble an old fellow ought to "encourage the others," but one

doubts of its having that effect: after seventy (and with some of us long before it) we need a good deal of encouragement. It seems hardly worth while, and very hard work, to "keep hold of the rope."

I once knew a man, almost as clever, and who had seen more of what is called "the World" than even O. W. H., who contended that thirty-three years should be the limit of human existence. It was to commence at seventeen, "when we are our own masters [as he had the misfortune to become at that age] and experience the rapture of first love. For the next seventeen years all is well with us. Then comes the period of 'pretty well.' After fifty all is bathos. The same things are offered to us over and over again at the table of Life—*rechauffés*, not worth the guest's attention." Yet this individual was not what is called "a man of pleasure"; he had great intelligence, and played a leading part in the world, nor did he certainly leave it worse than he found it. He would have enjoyed (even after fifty) Dr. Wendell Holmes's society very much. I can still hear the shuffle of his feeble feet on the fallen leaves as we took our last walk together, and the tone, almost of anguish, in which he murmured, "May you never, like me, my boy, live to be an old, old man!"

"Our Imperial appreciation" from Berlin, which Emin Pasha felt "an ample repayment" for all his services to humanity, has found its counterpart at Peking. The foreign subscriptions to the Chinese Famine Fund, given "by the gentry and rich people of all countries thinking upon the goodness of the Sacred Dynasty pervading the universe," have been made known to his Celestial Majesty; and he has been pleased, in his "heavenly bounty," to bestow upon the chairman of the British committee "a button of the third rank as an especial mark of Imperial favour." Nay, upon the memorial of the Viceroy of Nanking, which recommends some acknowledgment of the benevolence of the "foreign devils," he has graciously written with the Vermilion Pencil, "Let it be as requested." One hardly knows whether to admire most the extraordinary affability of these potentates, or their admirable sense of proportion.

Golf has long been winning its way in England, as it deserves to do, for no better outdoor game—adapted, too, for all ages and both sexes—was ever invented. There are nearly as good players in the south as in the north—its natural home; but, notwithstanding the great increase of performers, it is doubtful whether the feats of the golfers of old have been exceeded. Captain Horatio Ross, who was great at it, as at all sports, used to describe a match at which he was present (though he could hardly be said to have seen it) of a very striking kind. Lord Nigel Kennedy and Mr. Cruickshank of Langley Park were great players, but liked a little money on the game to give it zest. After the race ordinary at Montrose they made a match for £500 a hole, and agreed to play it there and then. It was ten o'clock at night, and quite dark, and the golfing ground, though it was called "the links," was not lighted up. Only two lanterns were allowed: one placed by the hole, and another carried by an attendant to see to whom the ball belonged. Boys accustomed to the game (caddies) were placed along the course to listen to the flight of the balls and to run to the spot where they fell. Both players knew the ground, but, what was still very curious, they made out their holes with almost the same number of strokes as they usually did in the daytime. "I think on the average," says the Captain (a much more trustworthy narrator of the manners of his time than Captain Gronow), "they took about seven strokes in darkness to six in daylight."

The question of "The curse of labour" is being discussed with great spirit, especially by those who have the greatest experience of it. It is surprising how well the matter is handled, from a literary point of view, by those who, from their own account, can have had little or no time to spare for self-education. It is all very well, they say, for philosophers and others to say that the Scripture view of excessive toil is only "Eastern," and arises from the Asiatic distaste for work of all kinds: they prefer to take the natural meaning of the words, and for once to be the upholders of orthodoxy. What is still more curious, they exhibit a considerable sense of humour: the high-flying panegyrics on "the dignity of labour," however prolonged, which have been pronounced from easy-chairs, provoke not altogether undeserved ridicule. "Dismayed by no difficulty, shrinking from no exertion, exhausted by no struggle," writes an eloquent divine, "clamorous Labour knocks with its hundred hands at the golden gate of the morning." "Well, Sir," writes one of the "hands" to his editor in reply to this beautiful passage, "I rise at 4.45 to clamorously knock at the golden gate of the morning, opened just before and closed punctually at six o'clock (after which we are fined), and yet I fail most miserably to appreciate the 'dignity of labour.'" Another writes: "Before a man ventures to give an opinion upon this question (i.e. of excessive toil) he ought to spend at least one year in trying the experiment; though (even then) it is not the one year, but the one whole life, minus the thirteen years before we start wage-earning, in which the friction comes in." All this may spell Socialism, or worse, for aught I know; but there seems to be a "plaguey deal" of common-sense about it.

It has been said that there is no habitable part of the globe where a Scotchman doing a very good business is not to be found; but the Englishman is not far behind him in that respect. Many of us think it is better to rule in—well, the most unpleasant places—rather than serve in civilised communities. There is a legend at Trinity that one of the Fellows once wrote to the Master to ask the favour of an early remittance of his money, because, as King of one of the South Sea group, he had just declared war against a neighbouring island (ruled over very likely by a Fellow of John's). The same thing is still going on. Captain Goodwin, of the bark *Tewkesbury*, wrecked on the Caroline Islands last April, writes to acknowledge his obligations to Mr. Charles Irons, "Prime Minister of Pozeat Island," who behaved to him with a kindness quite unusual in the domain of diplomacy. He describes that gentleman as "living in rather a savage state, with seven wives," but held in universal respect. He did not say that he was a Fellow of a college: that would have been a dangerous admission, as the fact of his having even one wife would have deprived him of his income from that source; but I shall look up the University Calendar.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

In all probability this will be the very last year of excessive adornment and garish display in the building up of Christmas pantomime. The managers have seemingly combined to try and cut one another's throats and to reduce their banking accounts to a minimum. By and by, when the balance-sheets are published, we shall be able to see who has won—or, to put it in another way, who has got best out of a very hazardous venture. The modern director of popular entertainments is in the same awkward plight just now, *mutatis mutandis*, as the directors of the London General Omnibus Company, who are apparently forced to adopt the ruinous principle of cheap fares in order to drive the rival companies off the road. The omnibus companies strive their very utmost to show who will stand out longest and drive the delighted public the farthest distance for a penny, and in the end the rivals are like the Kilkenny cats, without the vestige of a tail to erect, or like some mangled birds, without so much as a feather to fly with. Such will be the ultimate fate of the managers who deal extensively in the expensive commodity known as "spectacle." They are playing a magnificent game of "brag"; they are burning their boats. Mr. Augustus Harris naturally desires to keep up the reputation of the Drury-Lane annual. His mission is to cry aloud and shout. His voice is bound to be the loudest in the fair. If someone else uses his lungs, Mr. Augustus Harris will take up the speaking-trumpet. His fame has been made by his liberality, his lavish expenditure, his excess. He has always had the finest pantomime that has ever been seen at Drury-Lane, and he will go on giving the finest until he drops or his banking account is exhausted. Suddenly by his side starts up a rival showman—his own brother. Well, it is not a question of art: it is simply a question of extravagant merchandise. Art is put on one side; artists are relegated to insignificant positions; songs that might please, fancy that might charm, simplicity that might delight, are ousted in order that two clever—or, shall we say, reckless—showmen can show the public how much they can spend, not on what is necessary, but on what is superfluous—nay, in an artistic sense, indecorous and inflated.

The dramatic world has suddenly gone mad on expensive production, out of all proportion to the artistic scheme on hand. Barnum is at Olympia with his "Nero," and Barnum, at all hazards, must be cut out. Barnum gives five entertainments at one and the same minute—and all are incomprehensible and wasted. If the Brothers Harris had to manage a circus they would give ten entertainments at the same second, until they drove their audiences dancing mad. They are bound to cut out everybody, and their existence depends upon being the best. Barnum is evidently the bugbear. "Nero" must die, or the reputation of London trembles in the balance. And so it comes that we find the old Adelphi play "The Dead Heart" robbed of its true dramatic significance at the Lyceum by its excess of pantomime display; the bad play "La Tosca," at the Garrick, bolstered up into a success by means of artistic scenery and adornment far richer and more beautiful than such a trivial and repulsive dramatic subject deserves; the fun of the Drury-Lane pantomime curtailed in order to outvie the Haymarket pantomime; the humour of the Haymarket pantomime reduced to zero in order to cut out the Drury-Lane pantomime in mere splendour; the ballet at the Alhambra costing three times as much as it ought to do in order to be talked about more than the Empire ballet—and, meanwhile, the poor, innocent, trusting public groaning for what is reasonably artistic, moaning for what is genuinely funny, but compelled to sit still watching a Belshazzar's feast while rival directors are recklessly burning their fingers. But the writing is on the wall. The day of scenic dissipation is doomed!

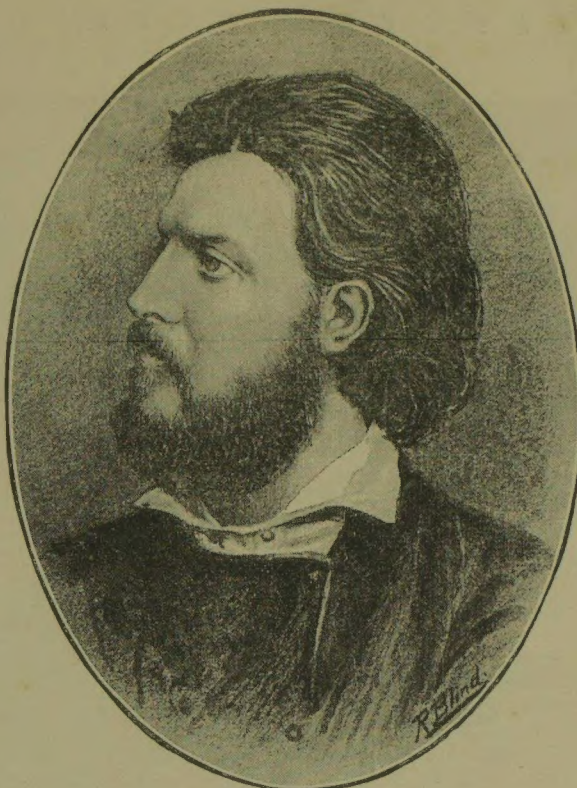
Let me give a brief illustration of what I mean, and what the public are already beginning to understand, by an allusion to the pantomime at Her Majesty's. I have not yet seen the pantomime at Old Drury, but I cannot conceive anything of the kind more gorgeous, more massive, or more startling than the three great scenes arranged by Mr. Charles Harris. The insect ballet almost defies description. Each dress is a work of art, and would delight the most prosaic naturalist. Think of the infinitely varied hues on a beetle's wing conveyed in needlework—beetles that only hop on to the stage for a second and are off again! Think of the combinations of colour required for the effective pose of the final Shakspearean picture that dazzles for an instant and is gone! These effects are transitory, they are not abiding. We learn nothing from them whatever. We merely gaze and stare, and are startled. The insect ballet and the Shakspearean tableaux have no more to do with the fairy story of "Cinderella" than with a Sanscrit legend. They are absolutely foreign to the whole dramatic idea. Viewed as an artistic contribution to the story, they are hopelessly and illogically wrong. As beautiful things of themselves, they are perfect. If people want to see ballets of insects and Shakspearean tableaux, let them be added to a subject worthy of them; but to tell the artistic and appreciative child that they are the artistic outcome of "Cinderella" is to tell the child utter nonsense. "Cinderella" is the old conventional peg on which these smart dresses are hung. And the peg will soon break down unless it is looked after. The imaginative child, the poetic child, cannot detect one fragment of the old story under the weighty mass of millinery. And what will the artists say? I put it to them, as this is an art question affecting the future of artistic production—a far more serious question than many people believe or care to believe. How do the artists engaged at Her Majesty's fancy themselves? They shall answer. It is a play, or it is not a play. If a play, it ought to be acted; if not a play, it does not require dramatic artists of the first importance.

Does Miss Minnie Palmer—so highly gifted, who sings so well, dances so well—consider that she gives the faintest idea to the children of Cinderella? Does she believe that she was even the story-book Cinderella for half a second? Where was her sorrow, her patience, her humility? Was she ever once inside the character? No: she did not pretend to be Cinderella, but she proved herself an attractive variety actress, who might have been Miggles or Miss, or one of Bret Harte's Californian heroines, as much as our old goddess of the hearth. Does Mrs. Leigh really believe that she had a chance of representing the mother of Cinderella and her unruly sisters? Does Miss Laura Linden—clever and accomplished artist—think she did herself justice as a comedian of the front rank by dressing herself up as an attractive masher in white? Does Mr. Shiel Barry believe he has added to his artistic reputation by playing a pantomime demon sulkily and heartlessly? Do any in the whole cast believe that they have done themselves justice as artists, or that they will stand out better in public reputation? Why should the pantomime be the graveyard of artistic enterprise? Why should artists be deluded by attractive salaries into burying their reputations? Why should actors and actresses be smothered with scenery and rendered of no account? I speak earnestly, and in their interests. Scenery and spectacle are murdering dramatic art.

C. S.

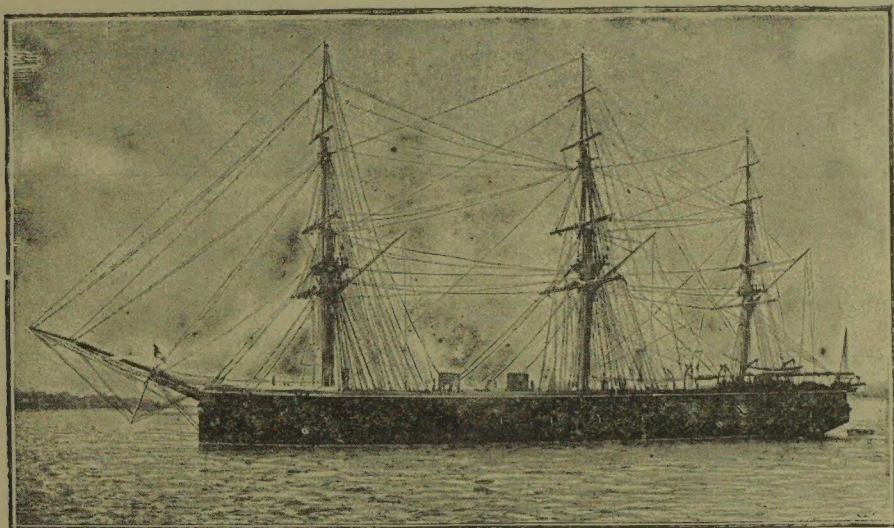
## THE DISPUTE WITH PORTUGAL.

The Portuguese Minister of Foreign Affairs, Senhor Barros Gomes, in his lengthy reply to Lord Salisbury's despatch on the claims of Portugal to vast territorial dominions in the interior of Africa, recites many obscure historical incidents extending over two centuries and a half, beginning with a pretended cession of "the ancient empire of Monomotapa"—probably a fabulous empire—to a Portuguese Governor of Mozambique in 1630. Almost simultaneously with this curious diplomatic essay in political controversy we received the startling news that a Portuguese officer, Major Serpa Pinto, hitherto known as a peaceful traveller in the regions of the Upper Zambesi, has appeared at the head of a small military force on the banks of the Shiré, in the district recently visited by the British Consul, Mr. H. H. Johnston, and has been fighting with the Makololo, a native race friendly to the English and Scottish stations on the route to Lake Nyassa. It is also stated that Major Serpa Pinto has taken away the British flags planted by our Consul at the confluence of the Ruo with the Shiré, a point commanding the road to Blantyre, the headquarters of the Scottish Mission, and that the freedom and security of communications with Lake Nyassa would be seriously compromised by tolerating these hostile acts in a country to which Portugal has no title of sovereignty or former occupation. This question is of much greater present urgency than that of the past existence of Portuguese stations on the river Zambesi beyond those of Sena, Tete, and Zumbo, to the west; or than that of the Mashona country, south of the Zumbesi, where Lobengula, King of the Matabele, has been approached by the new British South African Company with negotiations for the right of working certain goldfields. The British settlements on Lake Nyassa, those of the Scottish Kirk, the English Universities' Church Mission, and the African Lakes Company, have been many years established on the traces of Dr. Livingstone's geographical explorations; and free access to them from the Lower Zambesi, which is a common highway of navigation for all the world, has been guaranteed by international treaties. The Shiré was first explored by Livingstone and Baines, having previously been unknown to the Portuguese except at its junction with the Zumbesi; and, where it ceases to be navigable, from the cataracts or rapids, the road to the highlands at Blantyre, and thence to Lake Nyassa, was opened, and has been maintained, entirely by British efforts. In the interests of commerce and civilisation, for the discouragement of the slave trade, and for the work of religious missions, these settlements are of the greatest value. The conduct of the Portuguese colonial administration has, to say the least, not been favourable to those interests within the admitted range of its dominion and influence. It cannot be permitted to exercise authority in regions which it has never occupied, and which have, for a

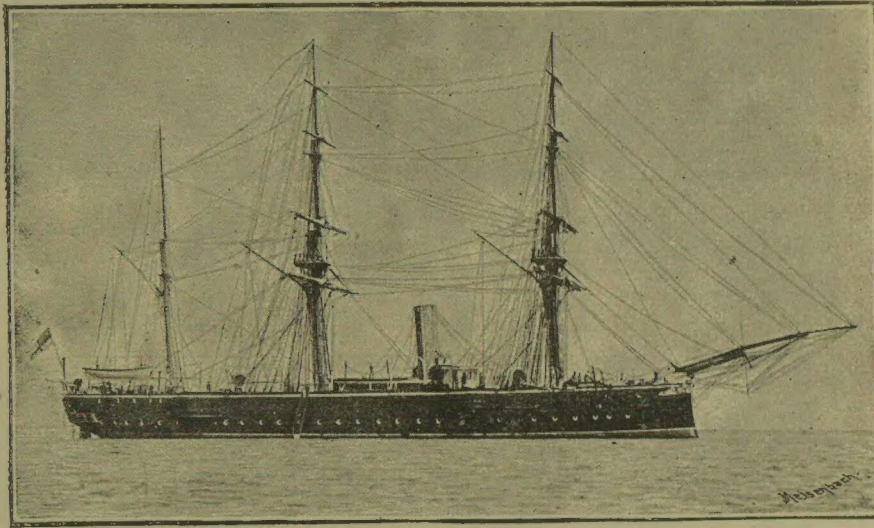


MAJOR SERPA PINTO,  
PORTUGUESE COMMANDER ON THE ZAMBESI.

Of the three British ships of war which have been sent to Delagoa Bay, the Raleigh is the flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Wells, commanding the Cape and West Coast of Africa station. The Raleigh, Captain H. Wilmot Fawkes, is a second-class cruiser of 5200 tons, and carries twenty-four guns, of which eight are 90-cwt., eight 6-in. 81-cwt., and eight 5-in. 38-cwt. guns, together with twelve machine and four light guns. She was built at Chatham in 1873. The Curacoa is a third-class screw cruiser of 2280 tons, Captain R. W. Stopford. She



H.M.S. RALEIGH.

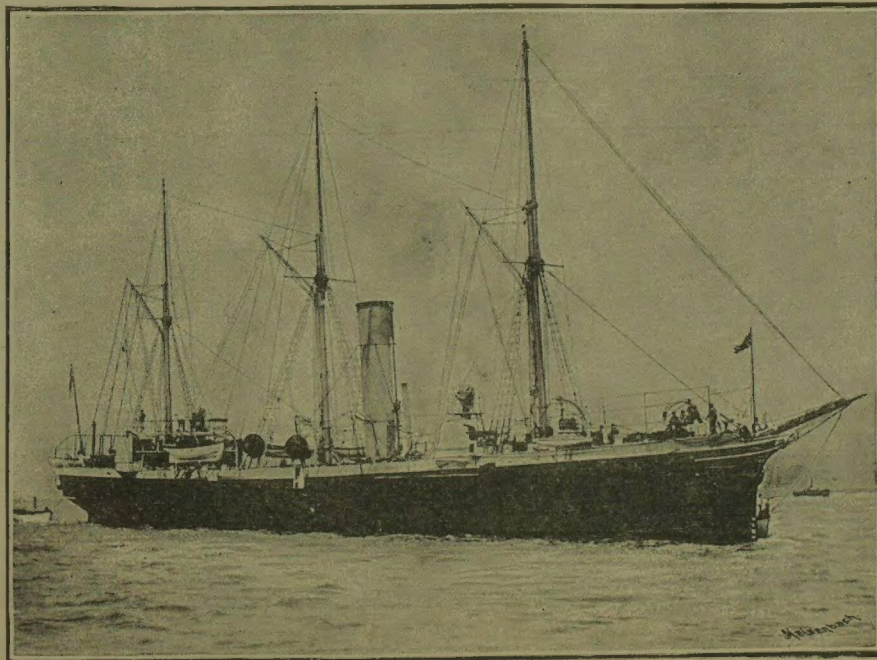


H.M.S. CURACOA.

quarter of a century past, been made the seat of useful British enterprise, both philanthropic and mercantile, under the protection of our own Government.

## DELAGOA BAY.

This bay, to which the Cape Squadron has been ordered to proceed in consequence of the dispute with Portugal, marks the southern limit of the Portuguese coast, and is the best harbour in East Africa. The bay is extensive, but the real harbour is fifteen miles across, and here the navigable portion is from six to twelve and in some places twenty fathoms. Three large streams empty themselves into Delagoa Bay—the King George, the English River, and the Maputa. The silt deposited by these streams has caused shallows and flats, which render the navigation of the bay somewhat difficult. English River forms an excellent landlocked harbour—indeed, the only one for large ships between the Cape and Mozambique. Delagoa Bay really means the Bay of the Lagoon or the Marshes; the shore being low and covered with marshes which renders the district exceedingly unhealthy. The town of Lourenço Marques is built on a tongue of land on the left bank of English River, in the north-west part of the bay. The port itself is not accessible to very large vessels, though it might easily be made so. The town was founded so long ago as 1544, but until recently it was little more than a factory. In 1824 there was only one stone house, surrounded by huts. The actual town was begun in 1867, and completed in 1869. It consists of houses and gardens surrounded by a rampart with bastions armed with a few small guns intended for defence, not against a sea attack, but from the attacks of the natives. The fortifications, such as they are, are reported in a dilapidated condition. Still, there is considerable commerce at the port, the trade with Natal alone averaging £150,000 annually. The name of the town has been familiar for some time as the starting-point for the railway to the Transvaal frontier, reached some time ago. The seizure of the railway and its plant by the Portuguese some months ago will be remembered. The town is very unhealthy, owing to its being surrounded by marshes, which the Portuguese have made no attempt to drain. The population is a little over 3000. Lourenço Marques is the chief town of a district the total population of which is about 80,000, of whom not more than one hundred are Europeans.



H.M.S. BRISK.

BRITISH SHIPS ORDERED TO DELAGOA BAY, IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE  
DISPUTE WITH PORTUGAL.

## THE COURT.

The Queen takes drives daily at Osborne, being accompanied generally by Princess Beatrice or the Duchess of Albany. On Christmas Eve presents from the Queen were distributed at Osborne to the Whippingham schoolchildren by Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Albany. Her Majesty and the Royal family and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service on Christmas morning. The Rev. Canon Duckworth, D.D., officiated. Admiral Sir Edmund Commerell arrived at Osborne on Dec. 27, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. The Dean of Windsor arrived at Osborne on the 28th, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Mr. Haggard (Secretary of Legation at Athens) was also invited. On Sunday morning, the 29th, her Majesty and the Royal family and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service, the Dean of Windsor officiating. The Dean had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family, and left Osborne next morning. It is stated that Princess Beatrice is arranging a series of historical tableaux, in which the ladies and gentlemen of the Court at Osborne will take part.

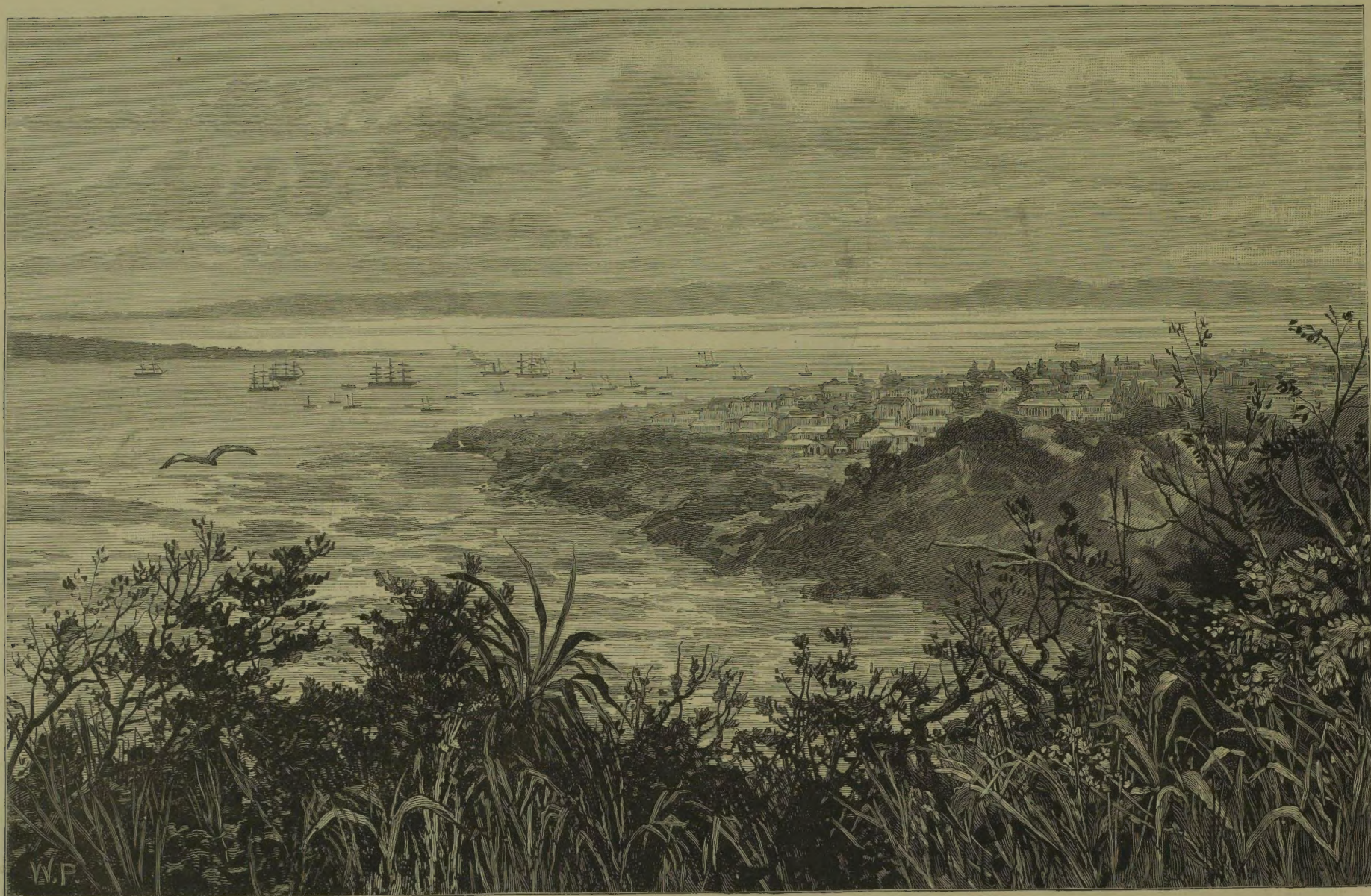
The Prince and Princess of Wales spent a happy Christmas at their Norfolk seat, surrounded by all their family, except Prince Albert Victor, who is, as everybody knows, in India. So close and natural are the ties which bind the family together that telegraphic communications passed between Sandringham and the far East during the Christmas celebrations. The Prince received on Christmas Eve at Sandringham House the Rev. Walter Boyce, M.A., head master of King's Lynn Grammar School, and presented to Master Swan, one of the pupils of the school, the gold medal which his Royal Highness gives to the best scholar. The Prince expressed the pleasure it afforded him to make the presentation, and congratulated the recipient upon having qualified for it. The day was pleasantly and profitably commemorated at Sandringham. On Christmas morning the Prince and Princess, with Prince George and Princesses Victoria and Maud, Princess Louise (Duchess of Fife) and the Duke of Fife, attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the household, were present at Divine service at the church of St. Mary Magdalen, in Sandringham Park. The Rev. F. G. A. Hervey, M.A., Rector of Sandringham with Babingley and West Newton, Domestic Chaplain to the Prince of Wales and Chaplain to the Queen, officiated, and preached the sermon. The Duke of Cambridge arrived at Sandringham on the 28th on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Right Rev. William Boyd Carpenter, D.D., Bishop of Ripon, the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, M.P., President of the Board of Agriculture, and Sir Frederick Leighton, Bart., President of the Royal Academy, also arrived at Sandringham on a short visit to the Prince and Princess.

## PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR IN INDIA.

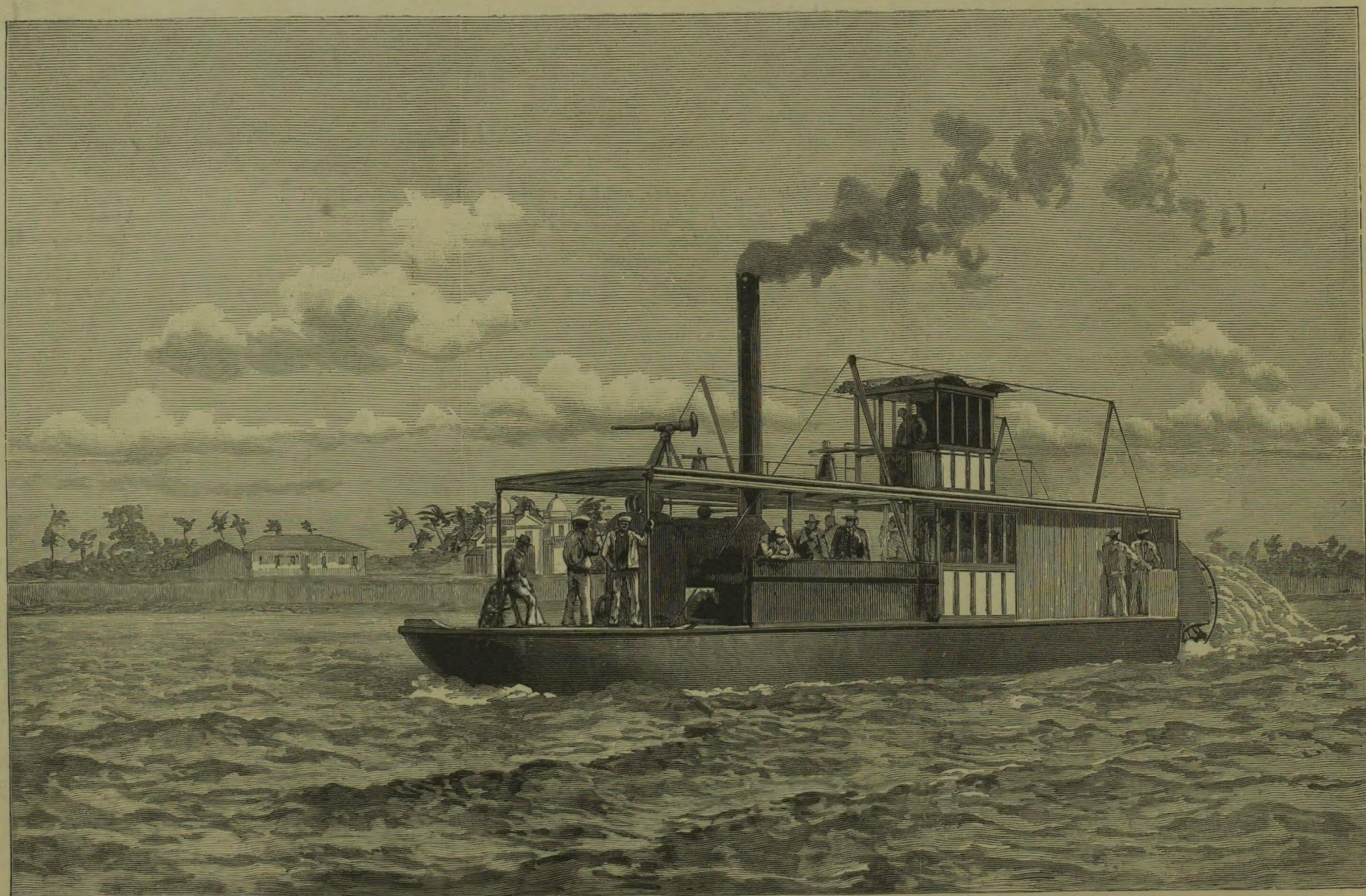
In the recent tour of Prince Albert Victor of Wales in Southern India, his Royal Highness was the guest of the Maharajah of Mysore. The most notable incidents were a visit to Seringapatam and other scenes of historical interest in the neighbourhood, and his presence in the Maharajah's encampment during the operations for the capture of wild elephants. The Prince inspected the tombs of Hyder Ali and Tippoo, Colonel Baillie and other British officers, and proceeded thence to visit Tippoo's famous garden house, the walls of the central room of which are covered with quaint native frescoes depicting Hyder's victory over the British troops, with Colonel Baillie giving the orders of command, seated in a palanquin. The Duke of Wellington resided here after the siege. The Prince then minutely inspected the fort, which is in complete ruins, though the chief points of interest, the breach and the spot where Tippoo fell, have been carefully marked. From Seringapatam Prince Albert Victor went by special train to Mysore. The city was splendidly illuminated, and a State banquet was given in his Royal Highness's honour. The Maharajah proposed the Prince's health in graceful terms, to which the Prince responded. On Nov. 24 the Maharajah drove the Prince in his drag to the elephant camp, a distance of fifty miles. They proceeded to the scene of operations and witnessed a drove of thirty-five elephants successfully captured and stockaded. Next day the Prince was present while the elephants were being tied up. An infuriated female elephant approached dangerously near his Royal Highness, but was driven off by the officer in charge. The following day was devoted to bison-shooting, in which the Prince succeeded in wounding a bull while it was preparing to charge. On Nov. 29 the Prince laid the foundation-stone of the Maharajah's college, and then started by special train for Bangalore.

New Year's Day honours have been granted by her Majesty, commencing with the appointment of Sir John Lubbock, M.P., and Sir John Gorst, M.P., to be members of the Privy Council, and the conferring of baronetcies upon Messrs. J. T. Davies Llewellyn, J. T. Mackenzie, and W. S. Savory, President of the College of Surgeons. There are also numerous promotions and appointments to the Orders of the Bath and St. Michael and St. George and the Order of the Indian Empire.

T H E   D I S P U T E   W I T H   P O R T U G A L .



DELAGOA BAY, SOUTH AFRICA.



PORTUGUESE GUN-BOAT ON THE ZAMBESI.



THE DRURY-LANE PANTOMIME, "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK."

## FUNERAL OF ROBERT BROWNING.

On Tuesday, Dec. 31, the funeral of the poet Robert Browning, who died at Venice on Dec. 12, took place in "Poets' Corner," the south aisle of Westminster Abbey, his coffin having been brought to London a week before. At eleven o'clock it was conveyed from his house in De Vere-gardens, Kensington, in a hearse which was followed by ten funeral carriages. His son, Mr. Barrett Browning, and Mrs. Barrett Browning were in the first carriage; in the others were Mr. O. Moulton Barrett, Mr. G. M. Barrett, Captain C. M. Barrett, Mr. H. M. Barrett, Miss Christine Browning, Sir James and Lady and Miss Carmichael, M. Dourlane, Captain Altham and the Rev. A. S. Altham, Mrs. Sutherland Orr, Mr. G. M. Smith, Mr. Douglas Murray, and Dr. Frampton. The coffin, of light polished wood, and of the Venetian design, was covered with floral wreaths and crosses, sent by many friends, among whom were Lord Tennyson, Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir J. E. Millais, Mr. Alma Tadema, Sir Theodore and Lady Martin, Mr. Henry Irving, the Misses Montalba, Mr. J. Whistler, and Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft; the Municipality of Venice and the Browning Societies also contributed garlands.

Among the congregation in the Abbey, restricted to those invited or furnished with tickets of admission, were Sir F. Leighton, Lord Rosebery, Lord Pembroke, Sir Lyon Playfair, Mr. Mundella, Mr. Alma Tadema, Mr. W. H. Lecky, Mr. Hallam Tennyson (representing his father), Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, Sir Theodore Martin, the Rev. Dr. Jowett, Master of Balliol, Oxford; the Master of Trinity, Cambridge; Earl Stanhope, Lord Coleridge, the Duke of Argyll, Sir James Paget, Archdeacon Farrar, Professor Knight, Mr. J. A. Froude, Professor Huxley, Professor Max Müller, and several other distinguished literary authors, scholars, and members of both Houses of Parliament; Captain Walter Campbell, representing the Queen; the French and Italian Ambassadors, the United States Minister, and the Greek Minister, with many ladies. Mr. John Murray, Mr. F. Macmillan, Mr. George Smith, and other London publishers were present.

The Dean of Westminster conducted the funeral service, accompanied by the Archbishop of Canterbury, not wearing his robes of office, and the Dean of Windsor; but assisted by the Sub-Dean, Canon Prothero, Canons Furse and Duckworth, and the Precentor. The service began in the choir, with the chanting of the 90th Psalm to Purcell's music, the reading of the lesson, and the singing of Dr. Bridge's new musical composition with the verses of Mrs. Browning's beautiful poem, "He giveth His beloved Sleep," followed by Wesley's anthem "All go to one place." The coffin was then carried to the grave in Poets' Corner; the pall-bearers were Mr. Hallam Tennyson, Sir Fitzjames Stephen, the Master of Trinity, Sir Theodore Martin, the Master of Balliol, Archdeacon Farrar, Sir F. Leighton, Professor Masson, Sir George Grove, Sir James Paget, Professor Knight, and Mr. George Smith. The remainder of the service was performed at the grave, and was ended with the Benediction, after which the organ played the Dead March from "Saul." The inscription on the coffin was simply, "Robert Browning, born May 7, 1812; died Dec. 12, 1889."

The inmates of the Brompton Hospital have, as usual at this season, been kindly remembered by many benevolent friends. The galleries, wards, and chapel were tastefully decorated, and presented a most picturesque appearance, thanks to the bountiful supply of evergreens sent. Splendid turkeys and handsome gifts of pheasants and other game were also sent. A large chest of oranges and a cask of wine were presented. On Christmas Eve, and on the morning of Christmas Day, parties of ladies and of the nurses sang carols, and at dinner the tables on the various galleries were headed by Miss Florence Abbott (Lady Superintendent), Mr. H. H. Taylor



SENHOR BARROS GOMES,  
THE PORTUGUESE MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

(Resident Medical Officer), Mr. Kershaw (Assistant Medical Officer), and the four House Physicians. After dinner the time was pleasantly passed with music and games. The season may be said to have culminated on Friday evening, when the handsome Entertainment Room was filled with patients, nurses, officials, and friends, the centre of attraction being a Christmas tree, provided by the kindness of the Miss Heddys, as in several former years. The tree presented a brilliant appearance, being hung with presents contributed either in kind or in cash by many friends, tables being also covered with parcels containing gifts of warm clothing and other useful articles, not only for the patients but for their children. After the Christmas tree distribution came songs by former residents and other friends.—On the last day of the old year a concert was given, under the direction of Mrs. Edmeston (Madame Zimèri), who was ably assisted by Lady Colin Campbell and others.

Mr. F. J. Horniman's museum at Forest-hill was open to the public on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday in Christmas week, and about 4500 persons of all classes availed themselves of the privilege of inspecting the various objects of interest and the magnificent collection of natural history and art specimens.

The New Year opens with another act of splendid private munificence. The donor, whose name is not known, has informed Sir William Savory, senior surgeon of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, that he is anxious to devote £100,000 to the foundation of a convalescent home in connection with the London hospitals.

## THE GASWORKERS' STRIKE.

The South Metropolitan Gas Company, by the energetic and determined management of its operations under the conduct of Mr. George Livesey, the Chairman, has successfully overcome the difficulty of providing a full supply of gas for its customers in the southern and south-eastern districts of London. Two or three weeks' practice has made the new hands brought from the country as expert in the few and simple duties of attending to the retorts, which have been described in former notices of this subject, as the old hands were before they "struck" in obedience to the dictators of the Gas Workers' Union. They rely on the honour of the company, and on the firmness and justice of its directors, for continued employment, and only twenty or thirty men from Manchester, sympathising with the strike there against the Corporation Gasworks, have shown an insubordinate disposition, and have, therefore, been sent away. The South Metropolitan Company had made secure and comfortable arrangements for the lodging and feeding of its new men at the headquarters of the gasworks in the Old Kent-road, which were efficiently guarded, by day and night, against violent intrusion; but there is no fear now of such outrages being attempted, and the men can walk out freely, in their leisure hours, if they choose to do so. For religious worship on Sundays there have been services conducted by Mr. Pim, of the London City Mission, and other volunteers, which many of the gasworkers attended with evident gratification. They were also treated to a cheerful social entertainment on Christmas Eve. Our Artist made sketches of these interesting scenes, which are shown in two illustrations. It is now felt that the crisis has passed, as the men of the Beckton and other large gasworks are not likely to follow an example which has signally failed; and the coal supply of London is drawn from many different sources, by railway as well as by vessels entering the Thames. The Sailors' and Firemen's Union have picketed the wharves, from Gravesend to Vauxhall, to prevent coal being landed for the Gas Company.

The Indian National Congress has held sittings at Bombay, important resolutions being passed.

Mr. John Heaton Cadman, M.P., the Judge of the Huddersfield and district County Courts, has resigned the Recordership of the ancient borough of Pontefract, and Mr. Thomas Rowland Drake Wright has been appointed his successor.

Mr. Justice O'Hagan, Judicial Land Commissioner in Ireland, has resigned through ill-health. Mr. Commissioner Litton, Q.C., takes his place as County Court Judge, and Mr. Fitzgerald succeeds Mr. Litton.

The first of a series of three Christmas lectures for children on "Soap Bubbles and the Forces which Mould Them" was delivered on Dec. 30 by Mr. C. V. Bays, in the theatre of the London Institution, Finsbury-circus, which was crowded to excess.

For the entertainment of young folk at Christmas holiday evening parties, the magic-lantern is the most powerful instrument, which has been vastly improved by modern science and skill. An instructive little sixpenny book, written by a Fellow of the Chemical Society, the author of "The Beginner's Guide to Photography," is published by Messrs. Perkins, Son, and Rayment, of Hatton-garden. It explains, clearly and precisely, the construction and use of this ingenious optical apparatus, and the advantages of the new and improved magic-lanterns, which ought not to be ignorantly or carelessly handled. They seem to be as superior to those which were familiar to the childhood of people now rather elderly, as is the naval artillery of the present day to the ship-guns of Trafalgar.



FUNERAL OF ROBERT BROWNING IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



## THE TUDOR EXHIBITION.

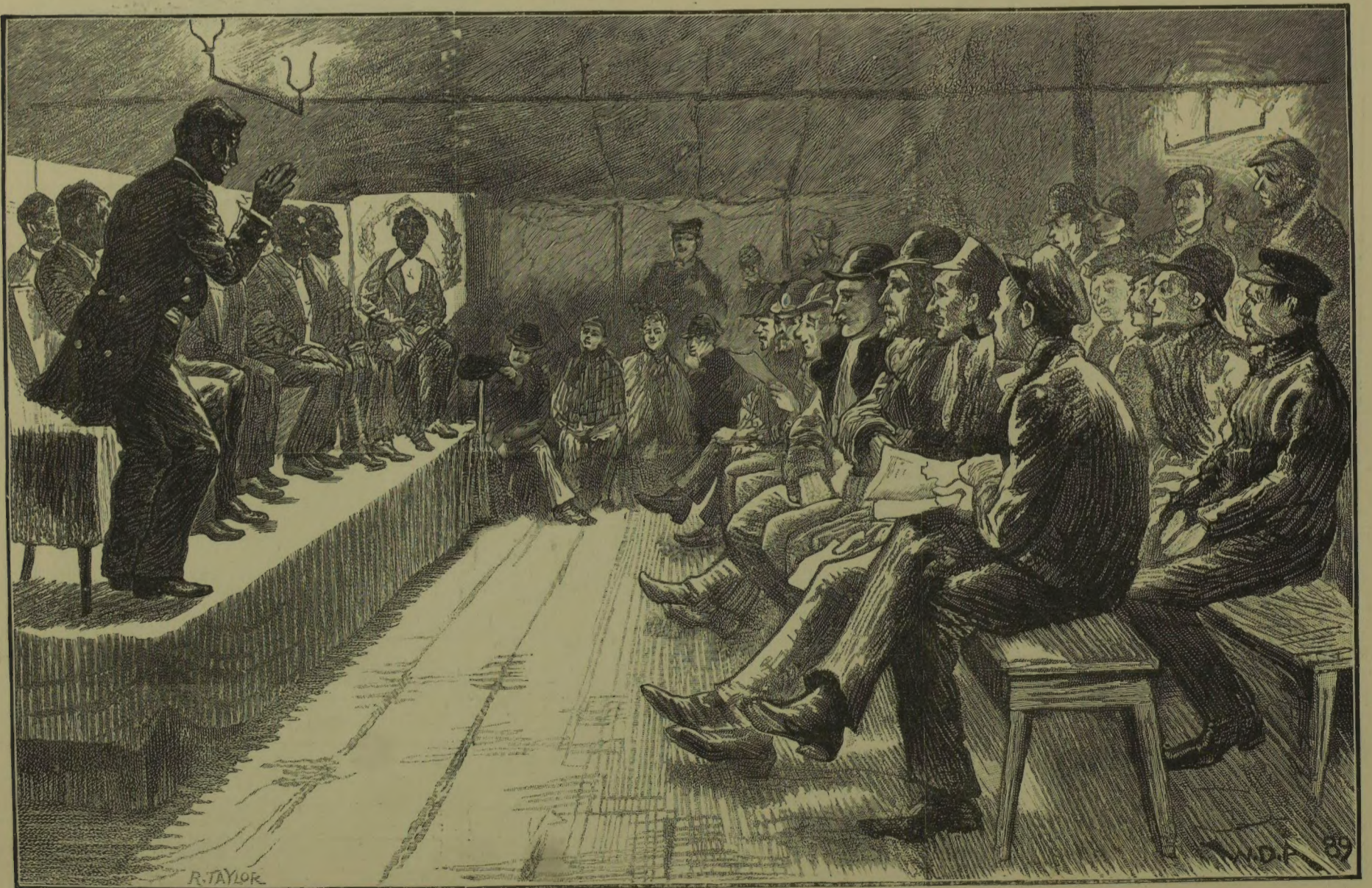
The exhibition of relics and portraits of the Royal family of the Stuarts, Scottish and English, which was held, early in the year 1889, at the New Gallery in Regent-street, is followed by a similar exhibition of memorials of the English Kings and Queens, Princes and Princesses, and other connections of the Royal House of Tudor. This was opened on Tuesday, Dec. 31, and is likely to prove as generally attractive as the former exhibition, the sixteenth century of our history, including the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, being, on the whole, of more popular interest than the seventeenth, as an epoch of national expansion and consolidation, defaced

indeed by religious persecutions following the Protestant Reformation, but free from the unhappy strife of the Civil Wars, and from violent revolutions in the State. Her Majesty the Queen, as Patron of the Exhibition, has contributed a fine series of Holbein's pictures and drawings from the collection in Windsor Castle, and of portraits by Antonio More, Zuccherro, and other contemporary painters. Cardinal Wolsey's hat, bestowed on him by the Pope; the silk stockings worn by Queen Elizabeth; the Lord Keeper's staff, borne by Sir Nicholas Bacon; and many articles of costume, furniture, and decoration belonging to eminent historical personages will be

inspected with much interest. The show of suits of armour and weapons is one of the finest hitherto placed on view, including many from the Meyrick and Coutts Lindsay collections, lent by Mr. Brett, their present owner; those of the French Constable Anne de Montmorency and the Duc de Montpensier, and of Lord Pembroke, by whom they were captured at the battle of St. Quentin. Of manuscripts and of printed books, among which are the earliest editions of the English Bible and Prayer Book, there is much store, extending to the age of Shakspeare. We reserve until next week a critical account of the pictures and other works of art.

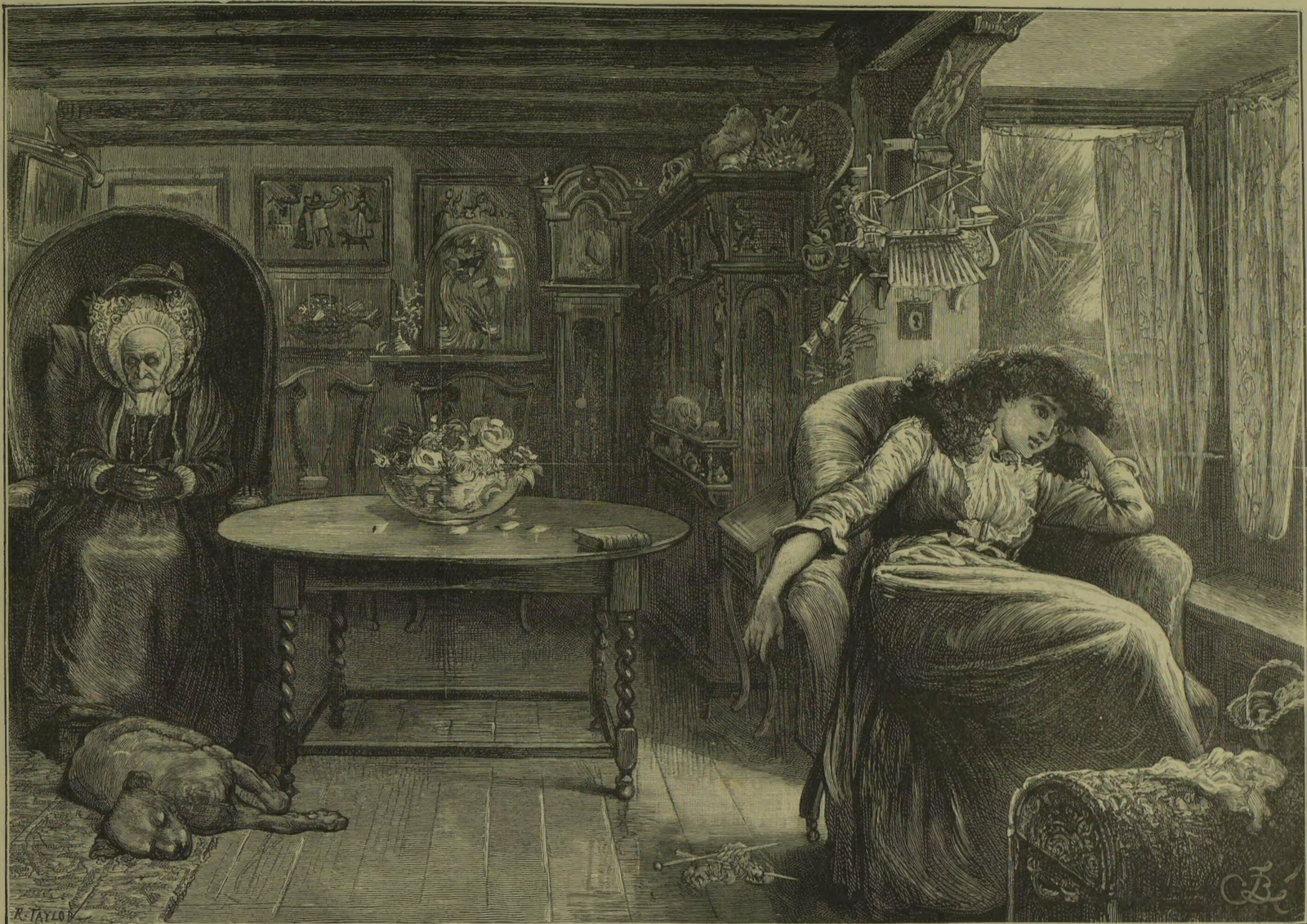


SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE SOUTH METROPOLITAN GAS COMPANY'S WORKS.



CHRISTMAS EVE ENTERTAINMENT FOR GAS STOKERS.

THE GASWORKERS' STRIKE.



DRAWN BY FRED. BARNARD.

*She sat leaning back in a low chair, her face turned towards the window.*

## ARMOREL OF LYONESSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY WALTER BESANT.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE CHILD OF SAMSON.

IT was the evening of a fine September day. Through the square window, built out so as to form another room almost as large as that which had been thus enlarged, the autumn sun, now fast declining to the West, poured in warm and strong. But not too warm or too strong for the girl on whose head it fell as she sat leaning back in the low chair, her face turned towards the window. The sun of Scilly is never too fierce or too burning in summer, nor in winter does it ever lose its force; in July, when the people of the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland venture not forth into the glare of the sun, here the soft sea mists and the strong sea air temper the heat; and in December the sun still shines with a lingering warmth, as if he loved the place. This girl lived in the sunshine all the year round; rowed in it; lay in it; basked in it, bareheaded, summer and winter; in the winter she would sit sheltered from the wind in some warm corner of the rocks; in summer she would lie on the hillside or stand upon the high headlands and the sea-beat crags while the breezes, which in the Land of Lyonesse do never cease, played with her long tresses and kept her soft cheek cool.

The window was wide open on all three sides; the girl had been doing some kind of work, but it had dropped from her hands, and now lay unregarded on the floor; she was gazing upon the scene before her, but with the accustomed eyes which looked out upon it every day. A girl who has such a picture continually before her all day long, never tires of it, though she may not be always consciously considering it and praising it. The stranger, for his part, cannot choose but cry aloud for admiration; but the native, who knows it as no stranger can, is silent. The house, halfway up the low hill, looked out upon the south—to be exact, its aspect was S.W. by S.—so that from this window the girl saw always, stretched out at her feet, the ocean, now glowing in the golden sunshine of September. Had she been tall enough she might even have seen the coast of South America, the nearest land in the far distance. Looking S.W., that is, she would have seen the broad mouth of Orinocoque and the shores of El Dorado. This broad seascape was broken exactly in the middle by the Bishop's Rock and its stately lighthouse rising tall and straight out of the water; on the left hand the low hill of Annet shut out the sea; and on the right Great Minalto, rugged and black, the white foam always playing round its foot or flying over its great black northern headland, bounded and framed the picture. Almost in the middle of the water, not more than two miles distant, a sailing ship, all sails set, made swift way, bound outward one knows not whither. Lovely at all times is a ship in full sail, but doubly lovely when she is seen from afar, sailing on a smooth sea, under a cloudless sky, the sun of afternoon lighting up her white sails. No other ships were in sight;

there was not even the long line of smoke which proclaims the steamer below the horizon; there was not even a Penzance fishing-boat tacking slowly homewards with brown sails and its two masts: in this direction there was no other sign of man.

The girl, I say, saw this sight every day: she never tired of it, partly because no one ever tires of the place in which he was born and has lived—not even an Arab of the Great Sandy Desert; partly because the sea, which has been called, by unobservant poets, unchanging, does, in fact, change—face, colour, mood, even shape—every day, and is never the same, except, perhaps, when the east wind of March covers the sky with a monotony of grey and takes the colour out of the face of ocean as it takes the colour from the granite rocks, last year's brown and yellow fern, and the purple heath. To this girl, who lived with the sea around her, it always formed a setting, a background, a frame for her thoughts and dreams. Wherever she went, whatever she said or sang, or thought or did, there was always in her ears the lapping or the lashing of the waves; always before her eyes was the white surge flying over the rocks; always the tumbling waves. But as for what she actually thought or what she dreamed, seeing how ignorant of the world she was, and how innocent and how young, and as for what was passing in her mind this afternoon as she sat at the window, I know not. On the first consideration of the thing, one would be inclined to ask how, without knowledge, can a girl think or imagine or dream anything? On further thought, one understands that knowledge has very little to do with dreams or fancies. Yet, with or without knowledge, no poet, sacred bard, or prophet has ever been able to divine the thoughts of a girl or to interpret them, or even to set them down, in consecutive language. I suppose they are not, in truth, thoughts. Thought implies reasoning, and the connection of facts, and the experience of life as far as it has gone. A young maiden's mind is full of dimly seen shadows and pallid ghosts which flit across the brain and disappear. These shadows have the semblance of shape, but it is dim and uncertain: they have the pretence of colour, but it changes every moment: if they seem to show a face, it vanishes immediately and is forgotten. Yet these shadows smile upon the young with kindly eyes; they beckon with their fingers, and point to where, low down on the horizon, with cloudy outline, lies the Purple Island—to such a girl as this the future is always a small island girt by the sea, far off and lonely. The shadows whisper to her; they sing to her; but no girl has ever yet told us—even if she understands—what it is they tell her.

She had been lying there, quiet and motionless, for an hour or more, ever since the tea-things had been taken away—at Holy Hill they have tea at half past four. The ancient lady who was in the room with her had fallen back again into the slumber which held her nearly all day long as well as all the night. The house seemed thoroughly wrapped and lapped in the

softest peace and stillness; in one corner a high clock, wooden-cased, swung its brass pendulum behind a pane of glass with solemn and sonorous chronicle of the moments, so that they seemed to march rather than to fly. A clock ought not to tick as if Father Time were hurried and driven along without dignity and by a scourge. This clock, for one, was not in a hurry. Its tick showed that Time rests not—but hastes not. There is admonition in such a clock. When it has no one to admonish but a girl whose work depends on her own sweet will, its voice might seem thrown away; yet one never knows the worth of an admonition. Besides, the clock suited the place and the room. Where should Time march, with solemn step and slow, if not on the quiet island of Samson, in the Archipelago of Scilly? On its face was written the name of its maker, plain for all the world to see—"Peter Trevellick, Penzance, A.D. 1741."

The room was not ceiled, but showed the dark joists and beams above, once painted, but a long time ago. The walls were wainscoted and painted drab, after an old fashion now gone out: within the panels hung coloured prints, which must have been there since the beginning of this century. They represented rural subjects—the farmer sitting before a sirloin of beef, while his wife, a cheerful nymph, brought him Brown George, foaming with her best home-brewed; the children hung about his knees expectant of morsels. Or the rustic bade farewell to his sweetheart, the recruiting-sergeant waiting for him, and the villagers, to a woman, bathed in tears. There were half a dozen of those compositions simply coloured. I believe they are now worth much money. But there were many other things in this room worth money. Opposite the fireplace stood a cabinet of carved oak, black with age, precious beyond price. Behind its glass windows one could see a collection of things once strange and rare—things which used to be brought home by sailors long before steamers ploughed every ocean, and globe-trotters trotted over every land. There were wonderful things in coral, white and red and pink; Venus's-fingers from the Philippines; fans from the Seychelles, stuffed birds of wondrous hue, daggers and knives, carved tomahawks, ivory toys, and many other wonders from the far East and fabulous Cathay. Beside the cabinet was a wooden desk, carved in mahogany, with a date of 1645, said to have been brought to the Islands by one of the Royalist prisoners whom Cromwell hanged upon the highest carn of Hangman's Island. There was no escaping Cromwell—not even in Scilly any more than in Jamaica. In one corner was a cupboard, the door standing open. No collector ever came here to gaze upon the treasures unspeakable of cups and saucers, plates and punchbowls. On the mantelshelf were brass candlesticks and silver candlesticks, side by side with "ornaments" of china, pink and gold, belonging to the artistic reign of good King George the Fourth. On the hearthrug before the fire, which was always burning in this room, all the year round, lay an old dog sleeping.

Everybody knows the feeling of a room or a house belonging to the old. Even if the windows are kept open, the air is always close. Rest, a gentle, elderly angel, sits in the least frequented room with folded wings. Sleep is always coming to the doors at all hours: for the sake of Rest and Sleep the house must be kept very quiet: nobody must ever laugh in the house: there is none of the litter that children make: nothing is out of its place: nothing is disturbed: the furniture is old-fashioned and formal: the curtains are old and faded: the carpets are old, faded, and worn: it is always evening: everything belonging to the house has done its work: all together, like the tenant, are sitting still—solemn, hushed, at rest, waiting for the approaching end.

The only young thing at Holy Hill was the girl at the window. Everything else was old—the servants, the farm labourers, the house, and the furniture. In the great hooded armchair beside the fire reposed the proprietor, tenant, or owner of all. She was the oldest and the most venerable dame ever seen. At this time she was asleep: her head had dropped forward a little, but not much; her eyes were closed; her hands were folded in her lap. She was now so very ancient that she never left her chair except for her bed; also, by reason of her great antiquity, she now passed most of the day in sleep, partly awake in the morning, when she gazed about and asked questions of the day. But sometimes, as you will presently see, she revived again in the evening, became lively and talkative, and suffered her memory to return to the ancient days.

By the assistance of her handmaidens, this venerable lady was enabled to present an appearance both picturesque and pleasing, chiefly because it carried the imagination back to a period so very remote. To begin with, she wore her bonnet all day long. Forty years ago it was not uncommon in country places to find very old ladies who wore their bonnets all day long. Ursula Rosevean, however, was the last who still preserved that ancient custom. It was a large bonnet that she wore, a kind of bonnet calculated to impress very deeply the imagination of one—whether male or female—who saw it for the first time: it was of bold design, as capacious as a store-ship, as flowing in its lines as an old man-of-war; inspired to a certain extent by the fashions of the Waterloo period. Yet, in great part, of independent design. Those few who were permitted to gaze upon the bonnet beheld it reverently. Within the bonnet an adroit arrangement of cap and ribbons concealed whatever of baldness or exiguity as to locks—but what does one know? Venus Calva has never been worshipped by men; and women only pay their tribute at her shrine from fear, never from love. The face of the sleeping lady reminded one—at first, vaguely—of history. Presently one perceived that it was the identical face which that dread Occidental star, Queen Elizabeth herself, would have assumed had she lived to the age of ninety-five, which was Ursula's time of life in the year 1884. For it was an aquiline face, thin and sharp; and if her eyes had been open you would have remarked that they were bright and piercing, also like those of the Tudor Queen. Her cheek still preserved something of the colour which had once made it beautiful; but cheek and forehead alike were covered with lines innumerable, and her withered hands seemed to have grown too small for their natural glove. She was dressed in black silk, and wore a gold chain about her neck.

The clock struck half past five, melodiously. Then the girl started and sat upright—as awakened out of her dream. "Armored," it seemed to say—nay, since it seemed to say, it actually did say—"Child Armored, I am old and wise. For a hundred and forty-three years, ever since I left the hands of the ingenious Peter Trevellick, of Penzance, in the year 1741, I have been counting the moments, never ceasing save at those periods when surgical operations have been necessary. In each year there are 31,536,000 moments. Judge, therefore, for yourself how many moments in all I have counted. I must, you will own, be very wise indeed. I am older even than your great-great-grandmother. I remember her a baby first, and then a pretty child, and then a beautiful woman, for all she is now so worn and wizened. I remember her father and her grandfather. Also her brothers and her son, and her grandson—and your own father, dear Armored. The moments pass: they never cease: I tell them as they go. You have but short space to do all you wish to do. You, child, have done nothing at all yet. But the moments pass. Patience. For you, too, work will be found. Youth passes. You can hear it pass. I tell the moments in which it melts away and vanishes. Age itself shall pass. You may listen if you please. I tell the moments in which it slowly passes."

Armored looked at the clock with serious eyes during the delivery of this fine sermon, the whole bearing of which she did not perhaps comprehend. Then she started up suddenly and sprang to her feet, stung by a sudden pang of restlessness, with a quick breath and a sigh. We who have passed the noon of life are apt to forget the disease of restlessness to which youth is prone: it is an affection which greatly troubles that period of life, though it should be the happiest and the most contented: it is a disorder due to anticipation, impatience, and inexperience. The voyage is all before: youth is eager to be sailing on that unknown ocean full of strange islands: who would not be restless with such a journey before one and such discoveries to make?

Armored opened the door noiselessly, and slipped out. At the same moment the old dog awoke and crept out with her, going delicately and on tiptoe lest he should awaken the ancient lady. In the hall outside the girl stood listening. The house was quite silent, save that from the kitchen there was wafted on the air a soft droning—gentle, melodious, and murmurous, like the contented booming of a bumble-bee among the figwort. Armored laughed gently. "Oh!" she murmured: "they are all asleep. Grandmother is asleep in the parlour; Dorcas and Chessun are asleep in the kitchen; Justinian is asleep in the cottage, and I suppose the boy is asleep somewhere in the farmyard."

The girl led the way, and the dog followed. She passed through the door into the garden of the front. It was not exactly a well-ordered garden, because everything seemed to grow as it pleased; but then in Samson you have not to coax flowers and plants into growing: they grow because it pleases them to grow: this is the reason why they grow so tall and so fast. The garden faced the south-west, and was protected from the north and east by the house itself and by a high stone wall. There is not anywhere on the island a warmer and sunnier corner than this little front garden of Holy Hill. The geranium clambered up the walls beside and among the branches of the tree-fuchsia, both together covering the front of the house with the rich colouring of their flowers. On either side of the door grew a great tree, with gnarled trunk and twisted branches, of lemon verbena, fragrant and sweet, perfuming the air; the myrtles were like unto trees for size; the very marguerites ran to timber of the smaller kind; the pampas-grass in the warmest corner rose eight feet high, waving its long silver plumes; the tall stalk still stood which had borne the flowers of an aloe that very summer: the leaves of the plant itself were slowly dying away, their lifework, which is nothing at all but the production of that one flowering stem, finished. That done,

the world has no more attractions for the aloe: it is content: it slowly dies away. And in the front of the garden was a row of tall dracæna palms. An old ship's figure-head, thrown ashore after a wreck, representing the head and bust of a beautiful maiden, gilded, but with a good deal of the gilt rubbed off, stood in the left hand of the garden, half hidden by another fuchsia-tree in flower; and a huge old-fashioned ship's lantern hung from an iron bar projecting over the door of the house.

The house itself was of stone, with a roof of small slates. Impossible to say how old it was, because in this land stone-work ages rapidly, and soon becomes covered with yellow and orange lichen, while in the interstices there soon grows the grey sandwort; and in the soft sea air and the damp sea mists the sharp edges even of granite are quickly rounded off and crumbled. But it was a very old house, save for the square projecting window, which had been added recently—say thirty or forty years ago—a long, low house of two storeys, simply built: it stands halfway up the hill which slopes down to the water's edge: it is protected from the north and north-east winds, which are the deadliest enemies to Scilly, partly by the hill behind and partly by a spur of grey rock running like an ancient Cyclopean wall down the whole face of the hill into the sea, where for many a fathom it sticks out black teeth, round which the white surge rises and tumbles, even in the calmest time.

Beyond the garden-wall—why they wanted a garden-wall I know not, except for the pride and dignity of the thing—was a narrow green, with a little—a very little—pond: in the pond there were ducks; and beside the green was a small farmyard, containing everything that a farmyard should contain except a stable. It had no stable, because there are no horses or carts upon the island. Pigs there are, and cows; fowls there are, and ducks and geese, and a single donkey for the purpose of carrying the flower baskets from the farm to the landing-place. But neither horse nor cart.

Beyond the farmyard was a cottage, exactly like the house, but smaller. It was thatched, and on the thatch grew clumps of samphire. This was the abode of Justinian Tryeth, bailiff, head man, or foreman, who managed the farm. When you have named Ursula Rosevean, and Armored, her great-great-granddaughter, and Justinian Tryeth, and Dorcas his wife—she was a native of St. Agnes, and therefore a Hicks by birth—Peter his son, and Chessun his daughter, you have a complete directory of the island, because nobody else now lives on Samson. Formerly, however, and almost within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, according to the computation of antiquaries and the voice of tradition, this island maintained a population of over two score.

The hill which rises behind the house is the southern hill of the two which, with the broad valley between them, make up the Island of Samson. This hill slopes steeply seaward to south and west. It is not a lofty hill, by any means. In Scilly there are no lofty hills. When Nature addressed herself to the construction of this archipelago she brought to the task a light touch: at the moment she happened to be full of feeling for the great and artistic effects which may be produced by small elevations, especially in those places where the material is granite. Therefore, though she raised no Alpine peak in Scilly, she provided great abundance and any variety of bold coast-line with rugged cliffs, lofty crags, and headlands piled with rocks. And her success as an artist in this genre has been undoubtedly wonderful. The actual measurement of Holy Hill, Samson—but why should we measure?—has been taken, for the admiration of the world, by the Ordnance Survey. It is really no more than a hundred and thirty-two feet—not a foot more or less. But then one knows hills ten times that height—the Herefordshire Beacon, for example—which are not half so mountainous in the effect produced. Only a hundred and thirty-two feet—yet on its summit one feels the exhilaration of spirits caused by the air, elsewhere, of five thousand feet at least. On its southern and western slopes lie the fields which form the Flower Farm of Holy Hill.

Below the farmyard the ground sloped more steeply to the water: the slope was covered with short heather fern, now brown and yellow, and long trailing branches of bramble, now laden with ripe blackberries, the leaves enriched with blazon of gold and purple and crimson.

Armored ran across the green and plunged among the fern, tossing her arms and singing aloud, the old dog trotting and jumping, but with less elasticity, beside her. She was bare-headed; the sunshine made her dark cheeks ruddy and caused her black eyes to glow. Hebe, young and strong, loves Phoebus and fears not any freckles. When she came to the water's edge, where the boulders lie piled in a broken mass among and above the water, she stood still and looked across the sea, silent for a moment. Then she began to sing in a strong contralto; but no one could hear her, not even the coastguard on Telegraph Hill, or he of the Star Fort: the song she sang was one taught her by the old lady who had sung it herself in the old, old days, when the road was always filled with merchantmen waiting for convoy up the Channel, and when the islands were rich with the trade of the ships, and their piloting, and their wrecks—to say nothing of the free trade which went on gallantly and without break or stop. As she sang she lifted her arms and swung them in slow cadence, as a Nautch-girl sometimes swings her arms. What she sang was none other than the old song—

Early one morning, just as the sun was rising,  
I heard a maid sing in the valley below:  
Oh! don't deceive me. Oh! never leave me.  
How could you use a poor maiden so!

In the year of grace 1884 Armored was fifteen years of age. But she looked nineteen or twenty, because she was so tall and so well-grown. She was dressed simply in a blue flannel; the straw hat which she carried in her hand was trimmed with red ribbons; at her throat she had stuck a red verbena—she naturally took to red, because her complexion was so dark. Black hair; black eyes; a strongly marked brow; a dark cheek of warm and ruddy hue; the lips full, but the mouth finely curved; features large but regular—she was already, though so young, a tall and handsome woman. Those able to understand things would recognise in her dark complexion, in her carriage, in her eyes, and in her upright figure the true Castilian touch. The gipsy is swarthy; the negro is black; the mulatto is dusky: it is not the colour alone, but the figure and the carriage also, which mark the Spanish blood. A noble Spanish lady; yet how could she get to Samson?

She wore no gloves—you cannot buy gloves in Samson—and her hands were brown with exposure to sea and sun, to wind and rain: they were by no means tiny hands, but strong and capable hands; her arms—no one ever saw them, but for shape and whiteness they could not be matched—would have disgraced no young fellow of her own age for strength and muscle. That was fairly to be expected in one who continually sailed and rowed across the inland seas of this archipelago; who went to church by boat and to market by boat; who paid her visits by boat and transacted her business by boat, and went by boat to do her shopping. She who rows every day upon the salt water, and knows how to manage a sail when

the breeze is strong and the Atlantic surge rolls over the rocks and roughens the still water of the road, must needs be strong and sound. For my own part, I admire not the fragile maiden so much as her who rejoices in her strength. Youth, in woman as well as in man, should be brave and lusty; clean of limb as well as of heart; strong of arm as well as of will, enduring hardness of voluntary labour as well as hardness of involuntary pain; with feet that can walk, run, and climb, and with hands that can hold on. Such a girl as Armored, so tall, so strong, so healthy, offers, methinks, a home ready-made for all the virtues, and especially the virtues feminine, to house themselves therein. Here they will remain, growing stronger every day, until at last they have become part and parcel of the very girl herself, and cannot be parted from her. Whereas, when they visit the puny creature, weak, timid, delicate—but no—'tis better to remain silent.

How many times had the girl wandered, morning or afternoon, down the rough face of the hill, and stood looking vaguely out to sea, and presently returned home again? How many such walks had she taken and forgotten? For a hundred times—yea, a thousand times—we do over and over again the old familiar action, the little piece of the day's routine, and forget it when we lie down to sleep. But there comes the thousandth time when the same thing is done again in the same way, yet is never to be forgotten. For on that day happens the thing which changes and charges a whole life. It is the first of many days. It is the beginning of new days. From it, whatever may have happened before, everything shall now be dated until the end. Mohammed lived many years, but all the things that happened unto him or his successors are dated from the Flight. Is it for nothing that it has been told what things Armored did and how she looked on this day? Not so, but for the sake of what happened afterwards, and because the History of Armored begins with this restless fit, which drove her out of the quiet room down the hillside to the sea. Her history begins, like every history of a woman worth relating, with the man cast by the sea upon the shores of her island. The maiden always lives upon an island, and whether the man is cast upon the shore by the Sea of Society, or the Sea of Travel, or the Sea of Accident, or the Sea of Adventure, or the Sea of briny waves and roaring winds and jagged rocks, matters little. To Armored it was the last. To you, dear Dorothy or Violet, it will doubtless be by the Sea of Society. And the day that casts him before your feet will ever after begin a new period in your reckoning.

Armored stopped her song as suddenly as she had begun it. She stopped because in the water below her, not far from the shore, she saw a strange thing. She had good sea eyes—an ordinary telescope does not afford a field of vision much larger or clearer across water than Armored's eyes—but the thing was so strange that she shaded her forehead with her hand, and looked more curiously.

It would be strange on any evening, even after the calmest day of summer, when the sun is setting low, to see a small boat going out beyond Samson towards the Western Islets. There the swell of ocean is always rolling among the rocks and round the crags and headlands of the isles. Only in calm weather and in broad daylight can the boatman who knows the place venture in those waters. Not even the most skilled boatman would steer for the outer islands at sunset. For there are hidden rocks, long ridges of teeth that run out from the islands to tear and grind to powder any boat that should be caught in their devouring jaws. There are currents also which run swiftly and unexpectedly between the islands to sweep the boat along with them till it shall strike the rocks and so go down with any who are aboard; and, there are strong gusts which sweep round the headlands and blow through the narrow sounds. So that it is only when the day is calm and in the full light of the sun that a boat can sail among these islands.

Yet Armored saw a boat on the water, not half a mile from Samson, with two men on board. More than this, the boat was apparently without oars or sails, and it was drifting out to sea. What did this mean?

She looked and wondered. She looked again, and she remembered.

The tide was ebbing, the boat was floating out with the tide; the breeze had dropped, but there was still something left: what there was came from the south-east and helped the boat along; there was not much sea, but the feet of Great Minalto were white, and the white foam kept leaping up the sides, and on her right, over the ledges round White Island, the water was tearing and boiling a white and angry heap. Why, the wind was getting up, and the sun was setting, and if they did not begin to row back as hard as they could, and that soon, they would be out to sea and in the dark.

She looked again, and she thought more. The sinking sun fell upon the boat, and lit it up so plainly that she could now see very well two things. First, that the boat was really without any oars or sail at all; and next, that the two men in her were not natives of Scilly. She could not discern their faces, but she could tell by their appearance and the way they sat in the boat that they were not men of the place. Besides, what would an islander want out in a boat at such a time and in such a place? They were, therefore, visitors; and by the quiet way in which they sat, as if it mattered not at all, it was perfectly plain that they understood little or nothing of their danger.

Again she considered, and now it became certain to her, looking down upon the boat, that the current was not taking her out to sea at all, which would be dangerous enough, but actually straight on to the ridge or ledge of rocks lying off the south-west of White Island. Then, seized with sudden terror, she turned and fled back to the farm.

(To be continued.)

INSECT AND MOULD PESTS  
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## ROLLING STONES.

"Rolling stones," says a pert proverb, "gather no moss." Well, why should they? Who wants to gather moss? Where is the use or profit in gathering it?

The fact is, we have here one of those arbitrary, unreasonable, cast-iron phrases which the elderly love to hurl at their juniors, as if they were so many "shut you up" arguments, regular clinchers, the mere statement of which involved instant acquiescence. Now, there is probably nothing more exasperating in the conduct of the old towards the young than their tendency to enunciate such commonplaces as if they were great moral laws solemnly binding on the juvenile conscience. Why are these greybeards so forgetful of their youth? so unable or so unwilling to remember the distaste with which they themselves formerly listened to exactly the same kind of platitudes from their seniors? Why will they not, or why do they not, recall their own bitter indignation when their attempts to reason out any points of disagreement were summarily cut short by the proverbial philosopher? How unwilling they were to duck their heads and cry "Peccavimus!" because some egotist, once upon a time, had been delivered of a form of words which had imposed upon the unthinking as if it were a large utterance of the elder gods—or a saying of one of the Seven Wise Men! Why, then, are we who desire to "improve our minds"—which everybody now-a-days agrees is the right thing to do—by accustoming them to new vistas and wider horizons, to be knocked down (metaphorically speaking) by an assertion which begs the question? "Rolling stones gather no moss!" Who says they did? Though, mark you, I am by no means prepared to accept the statement as always and everywhere true. But what I want to know, O wisdom-of-many-and-wit-of-few professor, is, Why should it be a loss—as you evidently think it is—in the first place, to gather no moss; and, in the second, to be a rolling stone?

I submit that a good deal is to be said in favour of rolling stones. For instance, from their continual motion they acquire an exquisite polish; while the friction they undergo rubs off their angularities, and smoothens them down into a beautiful rounded shape. Hence they easily slip into secure corners, and contrive to drop into all kinds of desirable positions. It is often adduced as one of the ironies of life that the square men get thrust into the round holes, and the round men into the square holes. The condition of the square man is, of course, an unenviable one; but it is a mistake to suppose that the round man suffers. A round stone, you see, will fit into any hole, and always find room to lie there. It is the business of a round stone, however, always to keep moving; and if you observe its course down the mountain-side you will see that it glides past or overleaps the obstacles which would bring up your angular stone with a run. In truth, to watch the swiftness and ease and evenness of its career is a positive pleasure. You may object that for this very reason it may move the more rapidly to ruin, which, however, would not be the fault of the stone, but would be due to the path or channel wherein it had been started. But a stone that stands still may do so in a quagmire or a desert, and not be one whit the better for its adhesiveness. And it is these fixed stones which are riven by the lightning and blasted by the thunder: the rolling stones roll themselves out of the range of the storm. St. Simon Stylites on his pillar, that numbered "forty cubits from the soil," was no rolling stone, Heaven knows! but you would hardly take him as a pattern to mould your life by, would you?

A stone rolling along the shining sands of Pactolus may pick up many a golden grain: your stone that stands still will gather—pshaw! nothing but moss! Moss! the sign of slow vegetation, humid decay, inertia, inaction, death! I do not know that mossy stones are of much use, except, if the poet may be credited, to shelter violets, though, if these are to bloom "half-hidden from the eye," they will profit the wayfarer but little. Not that I would indulge, like the proverb-maker, in sweeping generalisations, or involve in indiscriminate censure all non-rolling stones. Now that I come to think of it, mile-stones are useful. They tell the rolling stones the pace at which they are travelling, and the distance they have to go. Besides, we must have stable corner-stones, and stones which fit into solid roofs, columns, architraves, buttresses, and the like. All I contend for is that justice should be meted out to the rolling stones. All I argue is that there are other things worth doing in life than gathering moss. In God's universe there is a place for everybody and everything: for the Parntheon, in its majestic repose, and the railway train, with its swift-rolling freight of varied interests, its rapidity of change and movement.

I am disposed to think very leniently of young men who have something of the rolling-stone character about them. That is a saying of infinite wisdom, "Circumstances alter cases"; and, no doubt, some are well advised in sticking (like limpets) to the old original habitat; but most of us are the better for shifting our points of sight, and experimenting upon life from different positions. It is to be remembered that the majority start under such unfavourable conditions that they can hardly roll into anything worse, while the chances are that they will roll into something better! And, besides, on the way they are sure to pick up much that will be of future advantage to them. But to be surrounded always by the same externals, to breathe always the same atmosphere, to vegetate constantly in the same soil—good heavens! the strongest mind would shrivel up and attenuate! If a plant be kept too long in the same pot, its blossoms fade and its leaves droop—it becomes *pot-bound*; and we frequently come across pot-bound natures, which have dwindled out of all their manliness from confinement to one limited sphere of thought and action. It is absolutely needful that we should go in and out among our fellows, should take the rubs which the world gives, and venture into new scenes and combinations, if we would preserve our intellectual elasticity and learn how to make ready use of our resources. Therefore, my friends, let us roll—let us roll! To stand still is to wither and decay.

It is the rolling stones which make nations. There is not much feeling of expansion in our English history until we come to the Tudor period, when the stones began to roll. The gradual fusion of Norman and Englishman, dynastic struggles, the decay of feudalism, the growth of the burgher class—all indicated, no doubt, an impulsive and forward-reaching spirit; but it was confined within our insular bounds, and we should have rusted into a slow lethargic death-in-life as a people if it had not been for the good work done by our rolling stones. Away they went, so soon as the opportunity offered. Some to the Spanish Main, some to the Virginia coast, some to far Cathay, some to islands where the spice winds blow—here, there, and everywhere. Drakes, Cavendishes, Gilberts, Raleighs, Hawkinses, Frobishers, Davises—rolling east and west and north and south, over land and sea, and rolling back again with rich merchandise of gold and silver—"with pearls, fine linen and purple, and silk and scarlet, and all thyme-wood"—polished and wrought and shaped into such noble and beautiful stones as England had never known before. And having done their errand—for even the rolling stones in time must cease to roll—they were set in their several places in "the foundations of the wall" of the empire,

and men then saw that they were rare and precious stones—jasper, sapphire, chalcedony, and emerald, chrysoprasus, jacinth, and amethyst.

There have been rolling stones ever since, as Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and India significantly attest. You may trace their course over the ice-wastes of the Polar World, among the palm groves of the Pacific, across the Equatorial plains of Africa. And there have been rolling stones within our own borders—sometimes with a noise and a stir which have alarmed the timid and provoked the wrath of those whose interest favoured stagnation. For Privilege, and Orthodoxy, and Capital, all those forces which profit by keeping things as they are, look with Olympian approval on the stones that stand still—on the agricultural labourer who starves through life for the smallest of weekly pittances, on the operative who slaves without a murmur in the forge or the mine—on the simple folk who accept implicitly the recognised forms of religious belief, the stereotyped canons of literature, the maxims of political economy. They want no movement among the stones—not they! What can be better or more desirable—from their point of view—than that all should keep their places, while they—the white, the lucky stones—are, as Providence designed them to be, uppermost? But contending currents have brought about a shaking of the mass, and the stones begin to roll! There are now such objectionable things as labourers' unions, trades' unions, strikes, co-operative associations, public sympathy, and much else of which a fossilised political economy took no count. In literature men are growing bold enough to form their own convictions, and set aside the *ex cathedra* judgments of their self-constituted instructors. Even in religion, hark how the stones are rolling! What a noise of conflict is in the air! The moss is wearing off; the traditions of centuries have ceased to lay their dead hands on the living faith; men stand face to face with their conscience, and make solemn interrogation of right and wrong. And still—and still—the stones are rolling!

O priest! O statesman! O philosopher! Can you not see that henceforth it will be impossible to stay their onward course?—that all your poor little maxims of philosophy and statecraft, all your pet dogmas and formularies, except in so far as they are based upon the eternal truths of God, will avail you nothing against this rush and roll of the millions who want life made happier and purer—faith simplified and broadened—and politics sweetened by humanity? You may say, like the phantom figure in the old legend to the seven heads of the paladins: "Who will defend our ancient privileges? Who will maintain our prescriptive rights?" And the reply from the shadows of the past, as from the seven heads, will be, "No one! no one!" It is useless to rail at the rolling stones: it is useless to attempt to stop them. They must and will pass on into freer spaces, and your business is to guide them. At all events, I take it to be safe to prophesy that the future of the world belongs to the Rolling Stones. W. H. D.-A.

## THE WRYTEEZY RAILWAY WRITING-DESK.

Many railway passengers have found it difficult or inconvenient to write in a carriage going at express-train speed, with the paper resting, perhaps, on one knee, or on a book held in the left hand. It is always fatiguing; and the apparatus shown in our Illustration, patented by the Wryteezy Company,



25, Cross-street, Manchester, promises an effectual easement. One end of the supporting cord, attached to the small wooden desk, is furnished with a hook, which can readily be fixed overhead by aid of the usual hat-rack; the other end is fastened round the lower part of the writer's arm. The desk, which is six or seven inches wide, contains a pad made to fit in its frame, with sheets of writing-paper; and sheets of carbon-paper can also be had, for writing manifold copies.

The Rev. Henry White, Chaplain of the Chapel Royal, Savoy, has been appointed Chaplain to the House of Commons, in the room of the Hon. and Rev. Francis Byng, resigned.

The Lord Provost of Glasgow states that he will subscribe £20,000 to a fund for building an art gallery in Glasgow if three other citizens each give a similar sum.

In Westminster Abbey the preachers for January will be as follows: Sunday, the 5th, at ten, the Rev. E. Price, Minor Canon; at three, Archdeacon Farrar—subject, "Innocence." Sunday, the 12th, at ten, the Rev. Canon Erskine Clarke, Vicar of Battersea; at three, Archdeacon Farrar—subject, "Guilt." Sunday, the 19th, at ten, the Dean of Gloucester; at three, Archdeacon Farrar—subject, "Neutrality." Sunday, the 26th, at ten, the Bishop of St. David's; at three, Archdeacon Farrar—subject, "Repentance." On Saturdays in January, after the afternoon service, Archdeacon Farrar will give addresses on "Missions"—1. The Duty of Missions; 2. The Success of Missions; 3. The Reflex Blessings of Missions; 4. Great Missionaries.

## CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS.

The Christmas services in the cathedrals and other metropolitan churches were attended by an unusually large number of worshippers. The various churches were tastefully decorated, though, owing to the scarcity of holly this winter, the display of evergreens was not so large as is generally the case at this great Christmas festival. At St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey large congregations attended the services.

Treats innumerable were given to the poor, hundreds of men and women leaving their own homes to minister to the comfort and happiness of those in whose lives there is too much that is cheerless and too little that is happy and cheerful. At the Field-Lane Ragged Schools, near the Holborn Townhall, 750 men and women were regaled with a substantial meal, the quantity of viands consumed by them including 496 lb. of beef, 18 cwt. of potatoes, 600 lb. of pudding, 150 quatern loaves, and 700 oranges. The treat was heartily enjoyed by them all. Over a thousand poor people who are tenants on the Columbia estate of Baroness Burdett-Coutts received their annual gifts of beef and parcels of grocery, the distribution taking place under the direction of Mr. L. A. Harrison, her Ladyship's agent. In all the workhouses of the metropolis the inmates were treated to extra fare at dinner, accompanied in most cases with beer. In some cases, however, no alcoholic or malt beverages were given, the poor people having, instead, an unlimited quantity of lemonade, ginger beer, tea, or cocoa. In the evening entertainments of various kinds were provided.

A pretty festivity on rather a large scale was carried out at Deptford, where a breakfast was given to 6000 poor children hailing from Greenwich, Deptford, Charlton, Hatcham, and the surrounding district. The repast was arranged for by the Robin Society. Some 300 ladies and gentlemen assisted in waiting on the children.

On Boxing Day the weather was foggy and damp, and Londoners who had proposed to enjoy themselves just outside town were mostly disappointed in their plans; and there was a falling off as regards the Boxing Day visitors to the Crystal Palace. There was, however, a pretty good attendance at the Zoological Society's Gardens, while show places, museums, and indoor entertainments were largely patronised. The State apartments at Windsor Castle were opened, and more than 900 persons availed themselves of the permission to visit them. In the evening the London theatres were crowded to see the Christmas pieces. "Jack and the Beanstalk" was successfully presented at Drury Lane; "Cinderella," at Her Majesty's Theatre; the "Children's Cinderella," at Covent Garden; "Aladdin," at the Grand Theatre, Islington, and at the Crystal Palace. At Barnum's show there were three performances, the visitors numbering more than 30,000. Special programmes were provided at the Royal Aquarium, and by the Moore and Burgess Minstrels in St. James's Hall, as well as by the Mohawk Minstrels in the Agricultural Hall. There were also special attractions at the World's Fair, Agricultural Hall, Madame Tussaud's, where the visitors numbered 13,000; Sanger's Grand National Amphitheatre; and other places.

From details with respect to the Christmas weather of the last fifty years, given in the *Daily News*, we learn that the mildest Christmas Day during the past half-century was in 1852, when the thermometer rose to 52 deg.; while the coldest was in 1870, when the thermometer never exceeded 28 deg. In the fifty years there have been eleven brilliantly fine Christmas days, ten fair, and twenty-six Christmas days when the weather has been "dull." Snow fell on only five Christmas days in the fifty years, though the ground may have been white on other occasions through previous falls.

Berlin papers give particulars about the commerce in "Christmas-trees" at this season. The largest market for them in Germany is at Berlin, where it is estimated that fully 400,000 of those plants, ranging in height from 2 ft. to 30 ft., are sold. Next to Berlin comes Dresden. About 200,000 of the little fir-trees come direct into the Saxon capital from the Hartz; and it is believed that fully as many more come from other quarters. The wholesale trade reckons them by "schocks," each "schock" being equivalent to three score, and large and small trees are taken as they come at an average price of from 20m. to 22½m. (£1 to £1 2s. 6d.). The retail dealers sell plants of 2 ft. and under at half a mark, those 3 ft. high going to 75pf., or 9d. The most popular are those from 7 ft. to 10 ft. high, fetching from 1m. to 2m., beautiful plants of 20 ft. going to 10m. or even 15m. The flower-pot in which the plant stands is always included in the purchase.

Mr. Stuart Rendel, M.P., President of the Welsh National Council, has offered to contribute £1000, payable by three annual instalments, towards a fund for the erection of schools in Montgomeryshire, to be established under the Intermediate Education Act for Wales.

## ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES IN JANUARY.

(From the Illustrated London Almanack.)

The Moon is near Saturn during the night common to the 9th and 10th. She rises on the 9th at 7h 30m p.m., and will be to the right of the planet till towards 3h a.m. on the 10th, when the nearest approach takes place, and after this time she will be to the left of the planet. They are on the Meridian on the morning of the 10th at 3h 5m a.m., the planet being a little south of the Moon. She is near Mars on the morning of the 15th; she rises on this morning at 1h 25m a.m., and will be to the right of the planet till towards 6h a.m., when the nearest approach takes place, and after this time she will be to the left of the planet. She is very near both Venus and Jupiter on the morning of the 20th; the Moon rises on this morning at 7h 49m a.m., a few minutes only before the Sun; and she is near Mercury on the evening of the 21st. Her phases or times of change are:—

|               |   |
|---------------|---|
| Full Moon     | on the 6th at 37 minutes after 5h in the morning. |
| Last Quarter  | " 14th " 33 " 6 " morning.                        |
| New Moon      | " 20th " 49 " 11 " afternoon.                     |
| First Quarter | " 27th " 16 " 8 " afternoon.                      |

She is most distant from the Earth on the 6th, and nearest to it on the 20th.

Mercury is an evening star, setting on the 1st at 5h 1m p.m., or 1h 1m after the Sun; on the 6th at 5h 26m p.m., or 1h 20m after the Sun; on the 11th at 5h 49m p.m., or 1h 37m after the Sun sets; on the 13th at 5h 58m p.m., or 1h 43m after sunset; on the 16th at 6h 1m p.m., or 1h 41m after the Sun; on the 21st at 5h 58m p.m., or 1h 30m after the Sun; on the 30th at 4h 50m p.m., or 6 minutes after sunset; and on the 31st at 4h 40m p.m., or 6 minutes before the Sun. He is at his greatest eastern elongation (18 deg. 51 min.) on the 14th, in ascending node on the 16th, in perihelion and stationary among the stars on the 20th, near the Moon on the 21st, and in inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 29th.

Venus rises on the 1st at 7h 20m a.m., or 48 minutes before the Sun; on the 2nd at 7h 22m a.m., or 46 minutes before the Sun; on the 12th at 7h 36m a.m., or 28 minutes before the Sun; on the 22nd at 7h 40m a.m., or 14 minutes before the Sun; and on the 27th at 7h 40m a.m., or 9 minutes before the Sun. She is in descending node on the 2nd, near Jupiter on the 19th, and near the Moon on the 20th.

Mars rises on the 1st at 1h 58m a.m., on the 12th at 1h 51m a.m., and on the 22nd at 1h 41m a.m. He is near the Moon on the 15th.

Jupiter sets on the 1st at 4h 33m p.m., or 33 minutes after the Sun; on the 5th at 4h 22m p.m., or 18 minutes after the Sun; on the 9th he sets at about the time of sunset. He rises on the 10th at about the time of sunrise; on the 21st at 7h 31m a.m., or 24 minutes before the Sun; and on the 31st at 6h 58m a.m., or 45 minutes before the Sun. He is in conjunction with the Sun on the 10th, and near the Moon on the 20th.

Saturn rises on the 1st at 8h 33m p.m., or 4h 33m after sunset; on the 11th at 7h 52m p.m., or 3h 40m after sunset; on the 21st at 7h 5m p.m., or 2h 40m after sunset; and on the 31st at 6h 25m p.m., or 1h 30m after sunset. He is near the Moon on the 10th.



MORNING OF THE CARNIVAL AT VENICE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

PICTURE BY WAGREZ, IN THE PARIS SALON, 1889.



STANLEY'S EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION: ARABS RAIDING A NATIVE VILLAGE ON THE ARUWIMI, OPPOSITE THE YAMBUYA CAMP.

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. HERBERT WARD, A MEMBER OF THE EXPEDITION.

## THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION. RAIDING A NATIVE VILLAGE OPPOSITE THE ARUWIMI CAMP.

A fatal river, the Aruwimi, for Stanley pioneers. The "great captain" himself recalled in 1883 his experiences of 1877 with regretful memories. The story of the deserted and blackened camp of his rearguard on the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition is part of the sad history of the moment. It has been glanced at from time to time in *The Illustrated London News*; but the tragedy in its grim details has yet to be told. It was almost at its confluence with the Congo that, in 1877, Stanley had been compelled to storm a native village. In 1883, as he passed the spot again where he had previously awaited the attack of the formidable native flotilla, what wonder that the dusky warriors reassembled to receive him! Round the bend "where the great affluent gaped into view," the river was thronged with war-canoes, and on the banks stood the villages of Basongo and Mokulu, where Stanley's ancient foes resided. In fantastic array appeared long lines of fully armed warriors—a land force supporting the fighting men afloat. How, aided by a picturesque and showy interpreter with a voice as powerful as his eloquence, Stanley on this latter occasion appeased their warlike ardour and made them friends, is told with the master's graphic pen in "The Congo Free State."

The reader will understand, however, from the number of the force against him and the ferocious character of the tribes, why Stanley was so careful, when forming his latest camp on the Aruwimi, to have it well stockaded and efficiently sentinelled. The local natives had not only the incentive of their previous defeat by Stanley to keep their hostility alive; but they had had meanwhile some bitter experiences of the Arab raider. They are splendid races of men, the tribes of the Mokulu and the Basoko, picturesque in their yellow war-paint, their barbaric shields, and decorative headdresses. They are skilled workmen. Their paddies are beautifully carved; their spears and knives artistic and of dexterous shapeliness. They have also broadswords; and, in a general way, their weapons are of wonderful temper and sharpness. Now and then the Arab raiders find their work of massacre and plunder a hot business among such natives as these; but the advantage of the rifle is, of course, tremendous, and can only have one result. The Arabs do not, however, always have it entirely their own way. They leave both dead and wounded sometimes in the hands of the enemy, who frequently condemn both to the pot, and make merry, no doubt, over their grilled remains.

Among the many hardships of the Aruwimi camp under Bartelot was the uncontrollable character of the Manyema carriers and escort. These people have for many years been the slave-hunting allies of the Arabs—their jackals, their cheetahs; and the Stanley camp had actually to be spectators of the attack and raiding of a native village, opposite their own quarters, on the other side of the river. The illustration of the incident which is published on another page is no mere fancy sketch, but a picture of the latter days of the camp, and an example of many a similar scene described by Stanley in the various histories of his African travels. It was towards night when the onslaught began. The sudden sound of the warlike drums of the surprised natives came booming across the water, followed by the fierce rattle of the Arab musketry. Dark figures and light were soon mixed together in the fray. The natives fought bravely; but they fell rapidly before the rifle. Pelted with the deadly hail of shot, they were soon vanquished. Then from hut to hut the flames of ruin began to spread; and in the lurid light women and children were marched forth to the slave-hunters' stockade—some to be ransomed next day by the remainder of the ivory the natives had successfully hidden; others probably to be passed on from hand to hand until they eventually reached a slave-dealing market. And all this the English officers and comrades of Mr. Stanley had the humiliation to witness without daring to interfere: not from any fear of losing their lives in the defence of the weaker—a death which has been courted by thousands of Englishmen on land and sea—but for reasons of policy. They were not there to protect the natives of the Aruwimi from Arab raiders, but to follow Mr. Stanley with the stores necessary for the success of his expedition. Nor is it likely that the force under Major Bartelot would have obeyed him if he had desired to intervene. Mr. Stanley himself more than once in his African experiences has had to shut his eyes to Arab aggression and cruelty, although his influence with Tippoo Tib has, no doubt, paved the way for the realisation of his humane ambition in the matter of slavery. From their stockade and on board their launch at Yambuya, Bartelot and his comrades could see the woful, unequal warfare on the raided village, and there is no need of the assurance that their hearts beat high with indignation and a desire to take a hand in it. Moreover, these lawless brutalities practised upon the natives made the difficulties of the camp all the greater, not only affecting the dangers of the advance, but increasing the perils of the way to the Falls; as was experienced by Ward on his travels to and fro—his "aimless journeys" Mr. Stanley has called them, but undertaken nevertheless by order of Ward's superior officer, Major Bartelot.

Whether or not the Arabs of the camp or the Manyemas had a share in the tragedy on the other side of the river is a question, perhaps, of no serious moment; but confessions were made to Ward which rather tend to show that the Arabs, while waiting for the expected advance, fulfilled other engagements on the river. "I went to Selim's camp to-day," wrote Mr. Ward in one of his private letters to me early in the year, "and they told me that two more of their men (Arabs) had been caught and eaten by the natives, whose village they had raided and burnt some weeks ago." On Feb. 5 the same correspondent (quoted in my notes of Oct. 18) wrote, "This morning some of the raiders came down from up-river with news of the defeat of ten of their number, cut to pieces by the natives, who sought refuge in their canoes above the rapids." Selim and his men started off in pursuit, and returned at night lamenting that they had killed only two of the natives. On the next day he told Ward that where his men had fallen he found their fingers tied in strings to the scrub of the river-bank, and some cooking-pots containing portions of their bones. What a weary time it was, waiting, and with only this kind of incident to ruffle the monotony of it; waiting for the promised carriers that did not come; waiting for news of Stanley that only came in suggestions of disaster! It is hardly a matter of surprise that the camp began to fear the worst. Their own experiences of the broken word of Tippoo Tib, and the utter unreliability and ferocity of a portion of their force, might well give a pessimistic tone to their contemplation of the awful possibilities of Stanley's march. Every omen of the Aruwimi was unfavourable to success; and they must have been terribly impressed by such a scene as that which cast its murderous light upon the river not long previously to the forward march, with the assassination of the commander and the eventual dispersion of the rearguard.

It will be understood by the readers of *The Illustrated*

*London News* that the descriptions of cannibal practices which have been given in the course of my various notes on the Aruwimi and the Congo are in no way connected with the reports which are criticised in Mr. Stanley's letter from Msalala, on Lake Victoria, in August 1889. Mr. Ward in none of his letters has ever mentioned or suggested that the Manyemas were cannibals, or in any way justified the extraordinary statement of the Rev. William Brooke in the *Times* to the effect that it was common in the Manyema camp to see "human hands and feet sticking out of cooking-pots." This is evidently a canard. Perhaps it would be well for Mr. Brooke to give his authorities, since Mr. Stanley asks who they are that have seen these extraordinary sights. The Manyemas are a fierce race; but, personally, Mr. Stanley has found them loyal and true to his service, and they are not cannibals, so far as I can learn. The instances of cannibalism mentioned in letters from the Aruwimi camp refer to the natives of the districts outside the camp, and against whom the camp was fortified. But if Mr. Brooke has been misled, so also has Mr. Stanley in regard to the report he seems to have found in his bundles of newspaper cuttings to the effect that an execution of a woman was delayed by Jameson or Bartelot in order that a photographer might make ready his apparatus for taking a negative of the incident. This gruesome anecdote does not belong to Africa at all; it comes from a different part of the world altogether; was discussed in Parliament as an allegation made against an English Consul; and turned out to be either untrue or a gross exaggeration. When Mr. Stanley has learnt all that was said and conjectured about his doings in the long intervals of the silence and mystery that enshrouded him he will find less and less material for serious criticism in the other packets of press extracts he may yet have to unfold; but he need hardly be told that those who know him and those who have trusted him would not, whatever happened, be led into thinking for a moment that he would break his promises or neglect his duty.

JOSEPH HATTON.

## MUSIC.

The New Year at once brought with it the beginning of renewed musical activity. The "Messiah" was the oratorio selected for the fourth concert of the present season of the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall—on Jan. 1; and this was soon followed by the resumption of Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts at St. James's Hall, now in their twenty-fourth season; the performance announced for Jan. 4 occurring too late for present notice. Other renewals of serial concerts will soon have to be spoken of; among the most important approaching events being the continuation of the thirty-second series of the Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall, where the first performances of the year will take place on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 11, and the following Monday evening. Mr. Henschel's London Symphony Concerts and Sir Charles Hallé's Orchestral Concerts (both also at St. James's Hall) will be continued; the first-named on Jan. 23 and Feb. 6 and 20; the last of those of Sir Charles Hallé taking place on Jan. 24 and Feb. 7; the following day bringing the resumption of the Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace; soon after which there will be increased activity in our musical world, one special sign of which will be the opening (at St. James's Hall on March 13) of the seventy-eighth season of the Philharmonic Society, with every prospect of renewed vitality; another event of the month just named, also fraught with important associations of a long-past period, being the 152nd anniversary festival (at St. James's Hall) of that excellent institution the Royal Society of Musicians, under the presidency, as at present arranged, of the Lord Mayor.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company will open a new season at the Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool, on Jan. 6, with a very strong programme for the coming performances. A numerous company comprises many established favourites, besides including several artists who are to make their first appearances therein. The repertoire of operas is now very extensive and varied, and will be added to by the production of works for the first time in an English version; among them being Balfe's opera "The Talisman," with the libretto to which it was originally composed—it having been previously given (at Her Majesty's Opera in 1874) with an Italian version. Bizet's "Les Pécheurs de Perles" ("The Pearl-fishers") and Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette" will also be given for the first time in English; and operas that have achieved considerable popularity, but have been little heard for some years, will be revived. Mr. E. Goossens is again musical director and chief conductor, occasionally relieved by Mr. C. Jaquinot; the business arrangements are in the experienced hands of Mr. T. H. Friend; and other important offices are suitably filled. Such excellent performances as those of the Carl Rosa Opera Company are a great boon to the provincial neighbourhood in which they are established, and it is to be hoped that their London season may henceforth be an event of yearly recurrence.

## CHRISTMAS AT THE POST OFFICE.

The Christmas postal work in London in 1889 was greater than ever, in regard to both parcels and letters. Of parcels alone, says the London correspondent of the *Liverpool Courier*, there were 1,150,000, in addition to the ordinary number, and it is calculated that of these no fewer than 100,000 contained turkeys, fowls, or game. Christmas puddings passed through the post to a greater extent than on any previous occasion, and many of them were destined for distant parts of the globe. In the parcels department alone 1500 extra hands were engaged, and the total number of regular and auxiliary servants engaged at Christmas in London postal service was 20,000. Letters showed a still more astonishing increase than parcels, and in the five days from Saturday until Christmas Day inclusive no fewer than 50,000,000 postal articles, consisting chiefly of letters, passed through the General Post Office. This was at the rate of 10,000,000 a day—a total that has never before been reached in this or any other country. At one private dwelling-house no fewer than 240 letters, believed to contain Christmas cards, were delivered on Christmas Day, and to a single hospital 10,000 Christmas cards were sent. Fully 350,000 letters were found to be over weight, and were surcharged accordingly. Contrary to the rules of the department, two live doves were consigned through the parcel post, and, notwithstanding the unexampled pressure of the season, the birds were delivered safe and sound. The incoming and outgoing foreign and colonial mail service showed an equally remarkable growth.

Madame Schulz has recently attracted much favourable attention by her performances on the xylophone and the cymbalo (or Hungarian cymbals). At first a singer, and still a skilled pianist, she, on the falling of her voice, cultivated the two curious and characteristic instruments just named with marked success, in public and private—sometimes in solo pieces, sometimes in association with her husband, an accomplished musician.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

### OUR MONTHLY LOOK ROUND.

Periodically I hear people asking the question, "Do tomatoes cause cancer?" and, although this query is as periodically and forcibly answered in the negative, the tacit belief in the injurious properties of these excellent vegetables continues. How this belief originated it is as impossible to say as to explain how and why our canines are called "eye-teeth." It is a popular fallacy; but, like most other bits of ultra-popular information, when it comes at all, it comes to stay. We know the composition, chemically speaking, of tomatoes, and I assert that they are not only absolutely harmless, but also very healthy to eat. They do not contain much absolute nourishment, it is true; but, then, neither do cabbage, brussels sprouts, cauliflower, or asparagus. All such vegetables are valuable, because they contain minerals which are necessary for the body's physical welfare, and possibly we obtain from them also other principles of service in maintaining health.

I observe that at the Cornell Agricultural Station in America much attention has of late been bestowed on tomato-growing, and on the conditions which require to be carried out and ensured for successful culture. Careful handling and good tillage are duly insisted upon as essential for a satisfactory crop, but it is also added that the tomato is one of the most variable and inconstant of kitchen-garden plants. Early plants, started under glass, seem at Cornell to have carried off the palm as against those which were not so introduced to cultivation. The early-sown tomatoes, it was found, gave earlier fruits than the others, and it is added that in every case but one the total yield of fruit was greater.

An interesting improvement in street-cleaning, and one which I should like to see universally adopted, from sanitary and other considerations, is that represented by the Hercules Street-Cleaning Machine. A photograph of this apparatus shows that it consists of a circular water tank holding about 300 gallons of water, and set on the framework of a specially constructed three-wheeled cart. A water-pipe supplies a sprinkler, which is fixed across the machine in front. Behind and under the tank is an indiarubber revolving roller of screw-shape, and this rotates on the ground, but in an opposite direction to the wheels. The whole apparatus is under the control of the driver of the cart. As it moves, the action of the roller and sprinkler, combined, effectually cleanses the roadway, and leaves it, metaphorically speaking, speckless. In an hour, the Hercules, meriting its name, can cleanse 7250-square yards of the most Augean of thoroughfares. One horse works the machine for asphalt or wood-paving on the level; but two horses are required for inclines and for granite and macadamised thoroughfares. It appears to me that one great excellence of this machine is its power of speedily cleansing from mud the asphalt and wood-paved streets of our cities. Every Londoner knows what these streets become after a day's rain, when the mud which every wheel brings with it has become coagulated in lumps that render the roadway almost impassable, and that appear to require days of labour on the part of vestries to clear them away. The speedy restoration of a street to its normal condition is secured by the machine I am describing; and there is yet another great gain and good which results from its use: I refer to the saving of accidents to horses. The slippery nature of asphalt and wood-paving, when either is covered with greasy mud, must have attracted the notice of every passer-by, and I have myself frequently seen three or four omnibuses standing in a line in London, each with its fallen horse, which had slipped on the asphalt. Now, the effectual cleansing of the roadway would remove this source of pain and danger to dumb animals, and would be, in this light, a public boon; and another gain of easy cleaning by the "Hercules" machine is found in the lack of need for strewing sand or gravel on the streets. It is this sand which chokes the sewers, and costs us much money for flushing them; while snow is as easily removed by the "Hercules" as is mud. I hope to hear of this apparatus coming into prominent use; and if it cleanses our streets of the mud which, when dry, becomes tormenting dust, we shall also be able to lay to its account the additional advantage of less risk from the offensive particles that convey disease broadcast through the air.

I have had sent me some bulletins referring to the United States Scientific Expedition to West Africa to observe the total eclipse of the sun which occurred on Dec. 22 last. Five thousand dollars were voted by Congress for this purpose, and the U.S.S. Pensacola was duly detailed to convey the members of the expedition to the West Coast of Ethiopia, and, as the report adds, to "return them to the United States." The bulletins of Nov. 7 and 20 lie before me. The former deals with water-spouts observed at sea, and the latter with eclipse photography. It is clear our American cousins are determined to make their expedition a scientific success, and they are to be heartily congratulated on the favourable auspices under which they started. Their work will have been practically completed as I write; but we may hope to hear full accounts of the results of the labours of the American scientists in due course.

It seems a "far cry" to proceed to India for the purpose of settling which anæsthetic is the safest for producing insensibility to pain. Of chloroform many medical men have of late grown suspicious—I mean with regard to its safety—while others have objected to employ ether and other substances of the class so fully studied by my friend Dr. B. W. Richardson. Yet to India Dr. Lauder Brunton of London has gone, on the invitation of the Nizam of Hyderabad, a potentate who, it seems, is infected with a most laudable desire to have this question of the relative safety of chloroform settled once and for all. I can remember well how, in the old Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh, we were taught to watch the patient's breathing as a cat watches a mouse, on the ground that any irregularity of the rise and fall of the chest was the great criterion of danger. South of the Tweed, the teaching has been, "Look out for danger from the heart, and watch the pulse." Which of these views, as regards chloroform, is correct? is a question Dr. Brunton (so far as I understand the scanty message received from him and notified in the medical journals) avers must be answered by saying that the heart is never directly in danger during the administration of the anæsthetic. The danger is said to be "asphyxia (in plain English, suffocation) or an overdose." This appears as if our old Edinburgh opinions were correct, after all; but we must wait for further and fuller particulars before crowing over Dr. Brunton's news. I observe there has been sacrificed to science in this investigation a large number of animals. This news will not sound pleasantly to some of our friends; but happily, I opine, most of us are of that way of thinking which holds that in the sacred interests of human life and safety it is permissible to use the lower animal creation for purposes of research.

ANDREW WILSON.

## THOMAS OLDHAM BARLOW, R.A.

Mr. Barlow, R.A., who died at the comparatively early age of sixty-five, had, by indomitable perseverance, acquired a position in English art which will be more firmly established as time goes on; and although his works may fail to attract the favour enjoyed by his predecessor Cousins, yet for sound stipple engraving the younger artist has few equals in our school. Thomas Barlow was born at Oldham on Aug. 4, 1824, and at the early age of fifteen was apprenticed by his father, who recognised the bent of his talents, to Messrs. Stephenson and Royston, engravers, at Manchester, who were at that time already making an effort to arouse a popular taste for engraved work of a somewhat higher order than was current in the trade at that time. The aspirations of the firm, it must be admitted, were not very lofty, and business requirements were allowed to take precedence of art and æsthetics. Happily, it was soon after Thomas Barlow's coming to Manchester that the School of Design, due in great measure to the initiative and persistency of Prince Albert, was opened; and Thomas Barlow was not only one of the earliest pupils, but was one of those who profited most by its teachings, carrying off the first prize awarded for a design of which the title was "Cullings from Nature." It was here that he first learned in a proper way the art and practice of line engraving; and with his freshly acquired knowledge he tried his prentice hand upon one of John Phillip's ("Phillip of Spain") early scenes of Scottish life, entitled "Courtship." In order to carry out his design he had first to become possessed of Phillip's picture; but, this difficulty having been surmounted, Mr. Barlow found that the engraving of the work of an unknown artist was little appreciated by the purchasing public, and he can hardly have recouped himself even the modest price he had paid for the picture. For the next few years he devoted himself to more lucrative work—engraving architectural and other plates for publishers and authors. Among the latter, Mr. Fergusson, the well-known writer on architecture, held Mr. Barlow in high esteem, and relied upon him for much of the illustrations of his various handbooks and histories of architecture. But throughout this period he had not lost sight of John Phillip, who, on account of his health, had, in 1850, taken refuge in the south of Spain, and Barlow came into public knowledge almost as soon as his friend obtained hold of the public taste. It was through Barlow that Phillip's most successful works, "The Letter Writer of Seville," "Doña Pepita," "The Prison Window," and, above all, "La Gloria," became known to the world at large; and those who can recall the originals will have no cause to complain of the manner in which the engraver has translated their vigorous drawing and strongly marked contrasts of light and shade. It is to Mr. Barlow also that we owe some of the best and easiest portraits of the statesmen of a quarter of a century back: Lord Palmerston, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone, and many others, now disappeared, were never better "caught" than in Mr. Phillip's picture of "The House of Commons," painted in 1863. Before this, however, Barlow had recognised the growing genius of Millais; and it was perhaps owing in great measure to the masterful engraving of "The Huguenot" (painted in 1852) that the artist's powers became widely known, although it must be said that some time elapsed between the exhibition of the picture and its engraving. Without abandoning Phillip, Barlow continued to engrave many of Millais's more popular pictures, of which "My First Sermon" and "My Second Sermon," "Awake" and "Asleep" are, perhaps, the best known. He also occupied himself in engraving two celebrated works by Turner, "The Wreck of the Minotaur" and "The Vintage at Macon," in the latter of which he especially revealed imaginative qualities of the highest order; and to this period also belong his engravings after Landseer, Sant, and Maclise, his portrait of Charles Dickens after Frith, and of Sir Isaac Newton after Sir G. Kneller. On the death of John Phillip, in 1867, Barlow devoted himself more and more exclusively to the engraving of Millais's portraits, which were being rapidly produced. Among the most successful of these works as engraved may be mentioned the portraits of Mr. John Bright, Lord Tennyson, and Mr. Gladstone; but these are only a few out of a large number which bear witness to the engraver's zeal and skill. Mr. Barlow was the fourth of his profession on whom the Royal Academy has conferred its full honours, his only predecessors having been Mr. Samuel Cousins (in whose honour the restrictions were first swept away), elected R.A. in 1855, Mr. G. T. Doo, elected in 1857, and Mr. J. H. Robinson, elected in 1867. Mr. Barlow's career was not as rapid as the careers of his colleagues had been, in consequence, perhaps, of their longer life; for, although he was elected an Associate Engraver in 1873 and an ordinary Associate in 1876, it was not until 1881, on the death of Mr. Samuel Cousins, that it was found possible to advance to the full honours of a Royal Academician. To most of us his countenance was familiarised by Sir John Millais's picture of "The Ornithologist," in which Mr. Barlow showed himself in his true character as a lover of children and devoted to their interests and amusement. For some time past he had been in failing health, but it was only recently that he inspired his friends with any alarm; and on Christmas Eve the end came somewhat suddenly, and death removed one of the kindest of friends, gentlest of critics, and the most skilful and versatile of modern English mezzotint and stipple engravers.

During November 178,743 carats of diamonds, valued at £333,932, were exported from Kimberley.

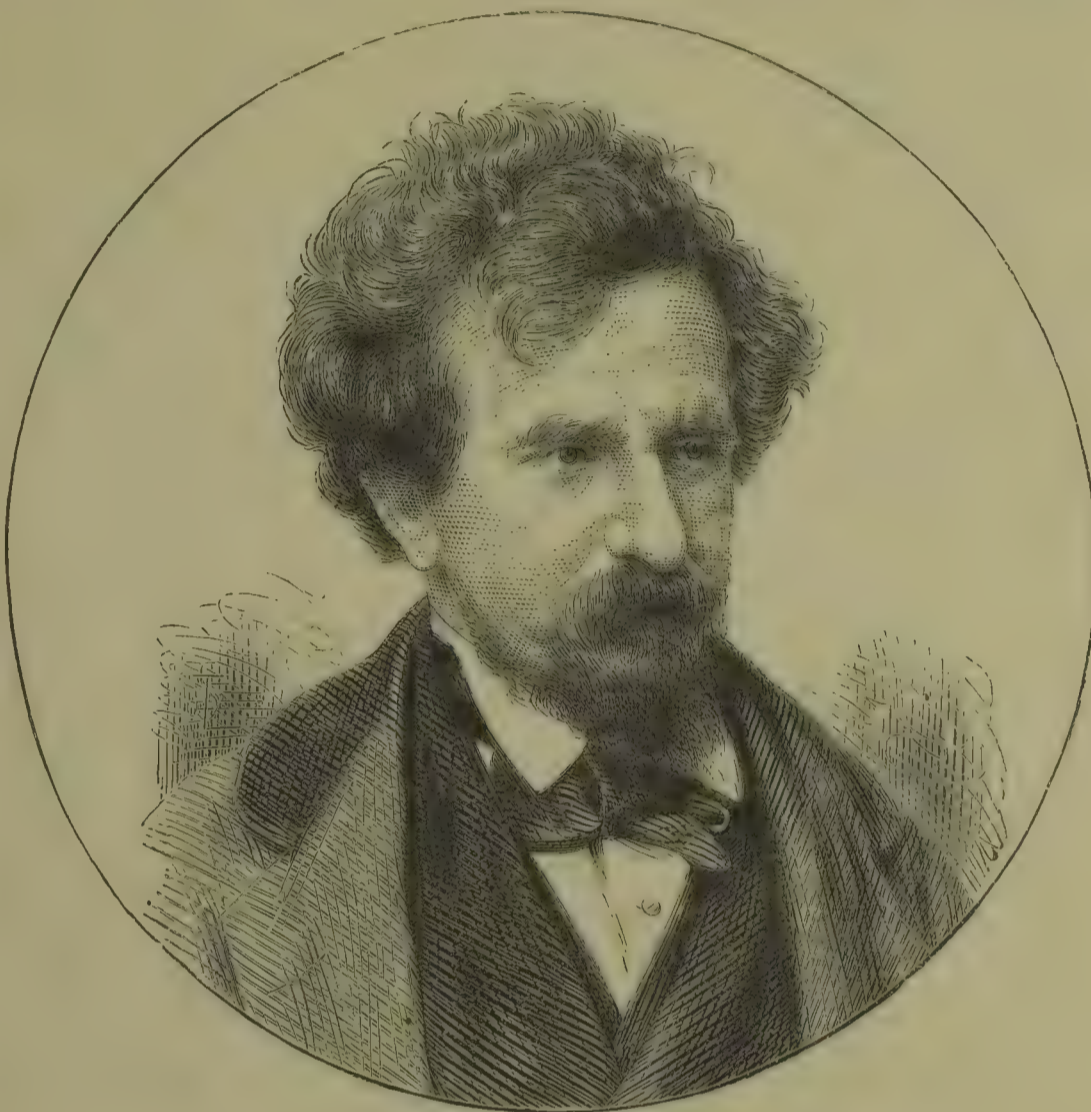
The tenants on the Butler Clare estate have been granted the extraordinary reduction of 43 per cent, together with rates and taxes.

## STRANGER THAN FICTION.

The saying that "Truth is stranger than fiction" would seem to have been adopted as the conventional prologue or epilogue of the popular scientific anecdote, almost as universally as the inevitable "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy" has been chosen to perform the same function in the current ghost-story.

Nor does this appear to us by any means inexplicable, since even our own strictly superficial and unscientific researches in the capacity of naturalist have put us in possession of facts strange enough to inspire sympathy with the feelings of any writer who would fain shelter himself from the freezing scepticism of his readers under those shreds and patches of proverbial philosophy, be they never so thumbed and threadbare.

If, for example, anyone had related to us how he had seen a rat lunching upon sandwiches composed of crumbs and tadpoles, we cannot doubt that his communication would have been listened to with more or less successfully dissembled incredulity. Yet of that spectacle we were ourselves witnesses not many months ago. It had suggested itself to some members of the household, during last spring, to keep a large shoal of tadpoles in a deep earthenware milkpan, on a window-stool,



THE LATE MR. T. O. BARLOW, R.A., ENGRAVER.

for the purpose of watching their evolution into frogs. For some time that quaint process went on swimmingly, being apparently in no way impeded by the abnormal glaziness and rigidity of its subjects' environment, which, however, was judiciously mitigated at the bottom by a deposit of pebbles and mud. But, while the shrinking of tails and sprouting of legs were still in full progress, it began to be observed with pain that the number of tadpoles was rapidly and steadily decreasing. Day by day we had to notice a very perceptible decline in the population of our aquarium; there could be no doubt that in every four-and-twenty hours a certain contingent of tadpoles somehow vanished, melted into thin air, leaving not a wrack behind, any more than did one of the silvery bubbles which they were perpetually sending up to wink out of existence on the surface.

Many theories were started to account for this unhappy state of affairs, but it was pronounced to be impossible that, as someone suggested, batches of tadpoles, attaining to frogdom suddenly, should have thereupon overleaped the rim of their dwelling-place; for the drop of twenty feet, which was the only means of quitting the windowstool, would have been beyond the powers of even the maturest and most athletic frog, and the pavement underneath showed none of those mangled remains which must have resulted from any such reckless attempt. A suggestion that it might perhaps take two or three tadpoles to make one frog was dismissed as still more untenable; no plausible *à priori* explanation of these mysterious disappearances had been devised, when, one day, all hypotheses were rendered unnecessary by ocular demonstration.

We chanced to look out of window; and, behold! sitting upon the rim of the pan, a brown rat, with a mild and intelligent cast of countenance, and unusually large bright eyes! Upon the surface of the water floated a large number of the bread-crumbs with which our protégés were always kept liberally supplied. One of these fragments the new-comer secured with a rapid sweep of his left fore-paw, while with the other, harrowing to relate, he deftly scooped up a wriggling and reluctant tadpole, and, having thus provided himself with the materials for his sandwich, he disposed of it in an incredibly short time, and immediately set about the capture and manufacture of a second. How many he ate thus at that sitting we are not in a position to state accurately, as his movements were bewilderingly rapid, as well as marvelously dexterous, considering the slipperiness alike of the narrow ledge upon which he balanced himself and of the slithery prey for which he fished. But we cannot doubt that when he slid down and glided unobtrusively away, descending the creeper up which he had climbed, the tadpoles, whom he left gyrating in violent perturbation round their troubled waters, must have lost at least a dozen of their comrades, through the unerring sweep of that wily paw, which they had

not the sense to evade by taking refuge in the inaccessible mud at the bottom of their dish. In fact, they betrayed upon this occasion so marked an absence of intelligence and presence of mind that our sympathies all inclined towards the angler; and we must own that we felt some chagrin when, on the morrow, he fell a victim to the snares of a trap, set in readiness for him by the enraged proprietors of his fishing-grounds. For though, strictly speaking, he was, no doubt, not justified in devouring our tadpoles with rivy paw, still, like Prospero's delicate Ariel, "a grace he had devouring"; and it was melancholy, further, to reflect that his accomplishment should, after our uncomfortable human fashion, have merely paved the way to his undoing.

We may remark in passing that the surviving tadpoles "crawled to maturity" unmolested, but that for some reason or another, possibly some malign influence of their not altogether natural surroundings and diet, they never attained to the average dimensions of frogs, stopping short at about the stature of fair-sized grasshoppers; and that a few specimens of their dwarfish race still linger on among the maiden hairs and blue mosses of a fernery into which they were turned for the purpose of overawing slugs (who, we suspect, regard them with cold contempt), and where pessimistic biologists might point them out as living witnesses to the blighting and degenerating effects of a contact with civilisation.

Again, is there not something perilously well calculated to call up the smile of cynical disbelief in the idea of a dickey-bird washing greens like any careful cook or scullery-maid? Yet this operation forms a frequently recurring part in the daily round, the common task, of a small and, to the best of our belief, crimeless "lifer," who is serving his term in our vicinity. For in the window through which we watched the rat at his curious repast stands a dwelling whose iron bars, malgré Sir Charles Lovelace, do make a cage, inhabited by a slender yellow bird, who shows traces of linnet ancestry in a brown patch on the back of the head and the possession of a voice ever soft, gentle, and low—an excellent and, as some of us have had occasion to realise on sunny mornings, a very rare thing in canaries. Perhaps, too, it may be from the British side of his house that he has inherited his insatiable appetite for all manner of indigenous green food: grass, groundsel, chickweed, plantain, dandelion—nothing comes amiss to him, and the quantities which he will consume in the course of a summer's day would stagger anybody who has not been accustomed to act as his sycc or grass-cutter. But he is thrifty as well as voracious, and will permit no waste in his establishment. When, as often happens, some of his vegetables are damaged by falling upon the sanded floor, he picks them up and rinses them very thoroughly in his bath or drinking-fountain; and, furthermore, should any remain over from the day's supply, he carefully sets the stalks in water until the flagging leaves revive, and thus provides himself a repast for early morning before receiving his daily rations.

Now, what lessons are to be drawn from the foregoing strictly truthful narratives? It seems that two may be deduced: the first showing what very superficial researches may elicit instances of infra-human intelligence striking enough to warn us against assuming a sceptical attitude towards tales of malt-manufacturing ants, tribunal-holding rooks, and other still more extraordinary things; the second—which will fortunately commend itself to those who do not see the force of the first—tending to prove that a quaint touch here and a picturesque phrase there can often invest a quite commonplace incident with a certain atmosphere of the unfamiliar, if not of the marvellous, and this without overstepping the boundaries of fact, or even approaching within longbow-shot of the borderlands of fiction. O. B.

## COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.

The great city which has grown up within fifty years on the banks of the Yarra, at the head of Hobson's Bay, Port Philip, and is the capital of the Colony of Victoria, equal to Sydney in political importance, rather more than equal in mercantile and social influence, has been illustrated by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, in some of its external features. It is an Australian Liverpool and London, comparing the Australian scale of population with that of England, while the display of wealth and comfort is larger in proportion to the admixture of drudging penury than in any town of Europe. Collins-street, intersected by King-street, William-street, Queen-street, and Elizabeth-street, is the fashionable shopping quarter, and is the favourite morning promenade of ladies who like it to be thought that they have plenty of money to spend—which, indeed, many of them often have. There is a quarter of a mile of pavement, on the north side of Collins-street, which is commonly known as "The Block," from the daily throng of people, mostly well dressed, making a thicker crowd there, we are told, than is often met in Regent-street or Piccadilly in London, as they move slowly up and down within a comparatively small space. Of this scene a lively description will be found in Mr. John Freeman's curious and amusing "Lights and Shadows of Melbourne Life," a volume published last year by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. From eleven o'clock till one, every fine Saturday morning, the ladies are there in great force, observing the amiable custom of meeting their fathers, husbands, brothers, or the happy gentlemen to whom they are engaged, when they leave business at noon, and perhaps hoping to be rewarded for this attention with a treat or a purchase. Schoolboys, too, at the same hour, with a half-holiday before them, are in the habit of meeting their parents; junior clerks and shopgirls, very neatly attired, pair off in appointed couples for the afternoon's pleasure; most people seem disposed to enjoy themselves, and there is a hum of sociable gossip, occasionally spiced with scandal, which proves that colonial city life in Melbourne is anything but dull.



"THE BLOCK" IN COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



## THE LATE BISHOP OF DURHAM.

The death of this eminent prelate, one of the most learned New Testament Greek scholars and theologians in the Church of England, took place on Dec. 19. Joseph Barber Lightfoot, D.D., born at Liverpool in 1823, was educated under Dr. Prince Lee, head master of King Edward's School, Birmingham, afterwards Bishop of Manchester, by whom he was ordained in 1851. Mr. Lightfoot passed to Trinity College, Cambridge, and obtained the highest honours with his degree. He was Senior Classic and Senior Chancellor's medalist in 1851, and was also a Wrangler or a First Classman in mathematics. His subsequent life was for many years mainly devoted to the University to which he was attached. He became Fellow of Trinity in 1852, and tutor. In 1861 he became Hulsean Professor of Divinity, and in 1875 Margaret Professor. He combined with these University offices various important duties; becoming chaplain to the late Prince Consort in 1861, chaplain to the Queen in 1862, and Deputy Clerk of the Closet in 1875, and examining chaplain to Dr. Tait, both as Bishop of London and Archbishop of Canterbury, from 1862-79. In 1871 he was appointed Canon Residentiary at St. Paul's Cathedral. His most important literary labours were in a series of commentaries on St. Paul's Epistles, the first part of which, on the Epistle to the Galatians, was published in 1865. This was followed in 1868 by a Commentary on the Epistle to the Philippians, and in 1875 by a Commentary on the Epistles to the Colossians and to Philemon. He also edited the Epistles of St. Clement of Rome, wrote a treatise on Ignatius and Polycarp, and contributed to the Speaker's Commentary on the Bible. In 1879 he was made Bishop of Durham.

## NEW BOOKS.

*Friesland Meres, and Through the Netherlands.* By Henry Montagu Doughty. (Sampson Low and Co.)—Mr. Doughty, who resides near Saxmundham, on the border that divides Norfolk from Suffolk, has been a traveller over distant seas and lands, but finds enjoyment, with his family, in the leisurely inland navigation of the Norfolk "Broads," which he has described in a pleasant little book. Knowing so well the requirements and methods of such agreeable voyages across country, he conceived the design of taking a "Norfolk wherry" to explore the strange labyrinth of lakes, pools, and canals which extends through Friesland from the east coast of the Zuyder Zee to the North Sea, a region seldom visited by English tourists. A Norfolk "wherry" is totally unlike what the Londoners of a past age used to call a "wherry" on the Thames, which was a small row-boat. Mr. Doughty's "Gipsy" is a vessel 53 ft. long, 13 ft. 6 in. broad, drawing 3 ft. of water; with one very tall mast, quickly and easily lowered, having no shrouds; and with one large high-peaked sail carried on a very long gaff, to catch the lightest wind above; she has no boom to knock people overboard, and she steers well, and can sail close to the wind. On her deck is a comfortable house, containing the saloon, ladies' cabin, men's cabin and kitchen, pantry, and all conveniences for the owner and his four daughters and one son, with the steward, pilot, and two sailors; there was room enough and to spare. This capital house-boat was towed from Yarmouth by a steam-tug across the sea to Stavoren, on the south-west shore of Friesland, where the Gipsy entered a wonderful maze of fresh waters, shown in the complete and accurate map that is prefixed to the first portion of Mr. Doughty's cheerful and interesting narrative. The larger Meres seem to be generally beautiful, with clear water of a fine purple colour, and there was plenty of space for free sailing around them, in which the performances of the Gipsy quite surprised the native boatmen; their "tjalks" and other sailing craft, however picturesque, being comparatively slow and clumsy. We are here made acquainted with the Fluessen, the Heeger, the Sneeker, the Terhornster, the Peanster, the Pik, the Oudegaster Zanding, the Leijen, the Bergumer, the three Wielen—fine pieces of water, and with many intricate passages between them, natural or artificial, traversing the vast grassy plains in every direction. The rustic folk, very English-looking in face and complexion, but the women still attired in their peculiar costume, with the silver or gilt head-plates of which we have heard, were friendly and well-behaved. In the towns, where this travelling party never lodged at hotels, but remained on board their own vessel, popular curiosity was often rude and troublesome; and at Dokkum, far in the north of Friesland, a barbarous mob resorted to offensive outrages. But at Leeuwarden, the capital city, at Sneek, Bolsward, Grouw, Iist, Workum, and Gaastmeer, in the south-western districts, where many fishermen or fish-dealers are accustomed to trade with London, the English visitors were respectfully greeted. The principal towns, though small, are adorned with fine public buildings; and the architecture, of brick with white stone bands, of the Leeuwarden and Bolsward Townhalls, and one or two of the old churches, is stately and not without grace. As the young ladies who were on board this Norfolk wherry are clever artists, we have delightful views, which are well engraved, to the number of about fifty. But after a month of aquatic wanderings in Friesland, having satisfied reasonable curiosity about a country and people hitherto little known to most Englishmen, it is a welcome change to the second part of Mr. Doughty's narrative: that of a complete inland water-tour all round the Zuyder Zee Dutch provinces, Overijssel, Gelderland, Utrecht, and North Holland. These include the noble old cities of Deventer, Zutphen, Arnhem, Utrecht, Leiden, the Hague, Haarlem, and Alkmaar, places of historic fame which should be renowned equally with most cities of Italy, of France, or of Germany, and which ought to be more interesting to Englishmen, from national associations, than any of the Italian cities. For did not Englishmen, in the grand Elizabethan age, shed their blood for the cause of civil and religious freedom in those Netherlands? and was not Sir Philip Sidney wounded at Zutphen, and taken to die at Arnhem? and was it not the Dutch who taught us and helped us to contend for our own liberties? Mr. Doughty carried with him Motley's splendid history of the memorable Dutch struggle against the atrocious tyranny of Spain, and does not fail to quote some of its striking anecdotes of heroic courage in the warfare of patriotism, or of Spanish cruelty and ferocity, at the places where those deeds were done. It is to be regretted that many of our countrymen who go to Holland see little beyond the

commercial cities of Rotterdam and Amsterdam, and the dull flats of South Holland, instead of passing on to Gelderland, where the scenery is beautiful and the towns are full of historic and romantic interest. In this volume, a separate map being inserted for the second part of the Gipsy's river voyages, we follow her course up the Yssel, from Zwolle, past Deventer, Zutphen, and Doesburg, to the Rhine; then down the Rhine westward, from Arnhem, to the fertile and fruitful province of Utrecht, and so on to Leiden and to the fine old cities of North Holland. Among the drawings which we regard with much interest where all are pleasing may be noticed those of Deventer and the Penningshoek mansion, the Wynhuis Tower at Zutphen, a street and canal view at Utrecht, the pretty town of Oudewater, Leiden and its Stadhuis, the Vleeschhal at Haarlem, and some buildings at Alkmaar, Hoorn, and Enkhuizen, all properly Dutch subjects, apart from Friesland. Indeed, we are left under the general impression that Friesland itself, except with a Norfolk wherry for the sake of sailing on bigger waters and longer distances than one can in the interior of Norfolk, is scarcely worth an expedition. It is easy enough to run all over Holland by the aid of railways; and three weeks or a month could not be more profitably spent.

*The Viking Age.* By Paul B. Du Chaillu. Two vols. (Murray.)—It will be remembered by those who take an interest in ethnological studies that M. Du Chaillu, previously well known as a scientific explorer of natural history in Equatorial West Africa, but who, ten years ago, produced a learned treatise on his Scandinavian researches in Norway, Lapland, and Sweden, has propounded a sweeping theory con-

space in these entertaining volumes. The author can hardly, upon this occasion, be accused of an undue exercise of his own fancy. All the facts stated are expressly authenticated by multitudinous precise citations from ancient documents, or by the drawings and photographs of sculptured figures on monuments, stones with runic inscriptions, and ornamented vessels, weapons, or other implements, abundantly collected in the museums of Northern Europe, where many learned curators and librarians and students of antiquities have aided M. Du Chaillu in his important work. The result of his labours, during eight years and a half, is presented in two volumes of close and exact description, methodically arranged, with nearly fourteen hundred illustrative woodcuts, which demand attentive and repeated perusal to master the entire subject. We can only testify that the materials appear to be as complete as can now be expected, and that the author has used them with much insight and discrimination, theorising and speculating less than might be supposed, though some doubt may be entertained concerning his favourite notion that the progenitors of the Scandinavian race, the original worshippers of Odin, came from the shores of the Euxine. He finds them, however, at the dawn of Northern history, settled in the region called Gardariki by the oldest legends, which seems to be the larger Svithjod, or Sweden, perhaps including all the Baltic shores, Denmark and Finland, and ultimately those of the Gulf of Bothnia and Norway. The Sviar, or Swedes, under reputed successors of Odin, constituted a kingdom which, perhaps, existed in the Stone Age, the Bronze Age, and the Iron Age of that race of mankind; but of the Iron Age, divided by archaeologists into the early, middle, and later periods, there is a great quantity of relics. The runic alphabetic writing is thought to have begun in the second or third century of the Christian era, and was at first often combined with figures and devices which may have had a hieroglyphic import. It is probably by the chapters on these topics, with the numerous engravings of such designs, that the antiquarian reader will be most largely entertained; but some of the later patterns of decorative art must be generally admired. The long and various inventories of ground-finds, bog-finds, and sepulchral mounds are followed by special dissertations on the ideas, habits, and institutions of the Northern people, occupying more than twenty chapters of the first volume and the greater part of the second. These present a very interesting study, and incline us to form a high estimate of the moral and intellectual qualities of the whole Scandinavian race; its several nations, though distinguished as Swedes, Goths, Norsemen, Danes, or Jomsborgers, on the Baltic coast which is now German, having much in common. Maritime and martial enterprises seem to have been first commenced by the Swedes in the Baltic; the Norwegians, however, proved the boldest sailors and hardest fighters, conquering distant lands beyond the Atlantic, as well as the isles around North Britain, and the northern parts of Gaul, ascending the Seine to attack Paris, and entering the Mediterranean to found the Sicilian kingdom; while the Danish conquest of England, as we have observed, left an abiding impression on our own country. The precursors of these effective invasions were those predatory seafaring warriors, the Vikings, mostly proceeding from the fjords of Southern Norway and from the Cattagat, whose exploits, as related in many Sagas, or epic cycles of narrative, which are here carefully specified with their approximate dates, fill eight chapters towards the conclusion of the second volume. Large portions of those romantic histories are translated, usually into plain prose, while songs and hymns are given in a rude metrical version with sufficient poetic spirit. In the thirtieth and two following chapters we have an account of Svein's, or Sweyn's, invasion of England, in the reign of Æthelred; the siege of London by the Danes, and its deliverance by King Olaf of Norway; the reign of Knut, or Canute, a great figure in our history; and, at a later period, the valiant deeds of Harold Hardrada (Sigurdsson), who might, but for singular ill-fortune, have repulsed the Norman Conqueror.

*Old Lamps and New.* By Joseph Hutton. (Hutchinson and Co.)—Mr. Hutton, a well-known journalist and novelist, and sometime editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, has been rubbing the magic lamps of memory to reproduce a various collection of personal reminiscences, which are sufficiently entertaining. Notable contemporaries,

authors, artists, and actors, with whom he has had some acquaintance, occupy considerable space: his travels with Mr. Henry Irving, a correspondence with Victor Hugo, a report of Mr. Labouchere's own account of his life previous to the starting of the *World and Truth*, visits to Mr. William Black and Miss Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell), and a party at Mr. Sothorn's, furnish anecdotes enough of that kind. Mr. Hutton remembers sometimes, when a boy at Chesterfield, meeting the great and good George Stephenson, then the Squire of Tapton; but forty pages need not have been filled with biographical information to be found in the popular work of Dr. Smiles. Mr. Hutton, nevertheless, has plenty of other good matter to gratify his readers with, and the best of this, we consider, is the bright and cheerful account of some holiday trips. Yarmouth and the Norfolk Broads; the old cities of Belgium and Holland; the Upper Thames, from its source to Henley; Shanklin and Bonchurch; Verona, and Venice at the time of a grand Italian National Festival; an American trotting-match at Chicago; the reputed scenes of famous tragedies at Knaresborough and Kirkstall, in Yorkshire, and Mr. Waterton's sequestered Eden of the merciful naturalist at Walton Hall, are made subjects of pleasant description. The author's kindly remembrance of old friends makes him the more deserving of regard; and we are somewhat touched by the genuine feeling with which he dwells on the sad long illness and death of our esteemed colleague, the late Mr. H. H. Dixon, whose notes on "National Sports" and "Agriculture" were a feature of *The Illustrated London News*. A London journalist is often the reverse of cynical, whatever country folk may suppose; and Mr. Hutton's literary standing is none the less for having kept his heart in the right place, as, indeed, his successful works of fiction have also proved.

The influenza epidemic continues to spread on the Continent, and the malady is assuming a more malignant aspect than when it first appeared.

Count Oki Takato, President of the Japanese Senate, has been appointed President of the Privy Council, and Count Yanagiwara Sakimitsu, hitherto Vice-President of the Senate, has succeeded to the post of President.

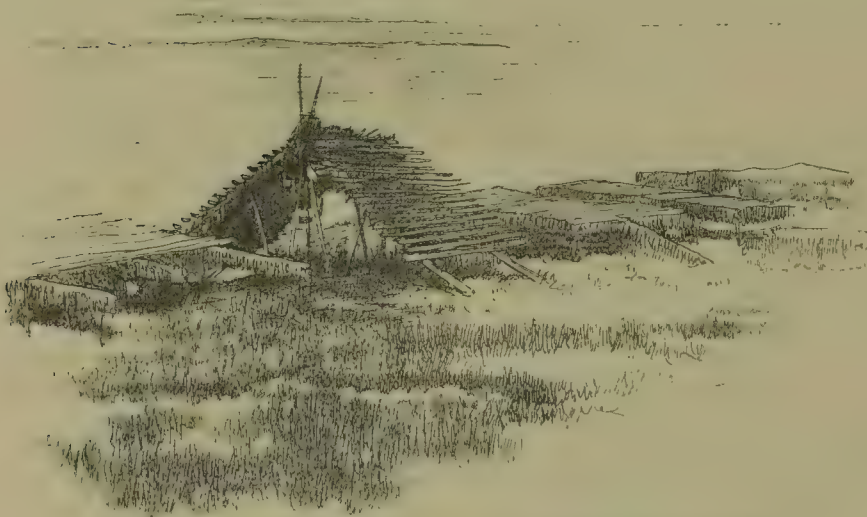


THE LATE RIGHT REV. JOSEPH BARBER LIGHTFOOT, D.D., BISHOP OF DURHAM.

cerning "the ancestors of the English-speaking nations." In the opinion of most Englishmen, probably better acquainted than any Frenchman with the manifest differences of race still existing between the provincial and local populations of rural England—for the peasantry of Yorkshire, of Norfolk, of Sussex, of Devonshire are totally unlike each other—M. Du Chaillu's speculations went too far. Limiting their range, however, to the Eastern and part of the East Midland counties, and considering the great historical importance of these in the development of our national institutions, there is much truth in some views which he has suggested. The Angles and the Danes probably contributed a larger share than the Saxons or any Teutonic nation to the constituents of the ancient English monarchy preceding the Norman Conquest, though under the royal family of Wessex; and their descendants have not only exerted a greater influence on the political history of Old England, but supplied New England also with its sturdy colonists of the Puritan emigration. But in M. Du Chaillu's present work, beyond a few introductory pages, there is nothing to revive controversy with reference to the extent of the Scandinavian settlement in our own country; we only take note of his opinion that the "Angles" came hither not from the southern part of Jutland, but from Engelholm, on the Swedish coast of the Cattagat, in the land of the "Vikings." The design of this comprehensive and instructive treatise, which consists almost wholly of minute descriptive details, and of copious extracts from the Scandinavian Sagas, bringing the history of Norway, Denmark, Sweden, and Iceland down to the twelfth century, is a complete account of the life of those nations at home, and of their dealings with each other. Their famous leaders of warlike maritime adventure, called "Vikings," from the "Viks," or small naval ports, which they maintained in the numerous creeks, straits, and inlets of their shores, give a title to the common history of the nations to whom they belonged. Now, the domestic and social life of the people, their laws, manners, and customs, forms of government, religion, mythology, and poetry, useful and ornamental arts, sports and games, dresses, houses, feasts, weddings, birth-ceremonies, and funerals, husbandry, trade, ships and seamanship, and the condition of their women, fill the larger

## LORD LONSDALE'S TRAVELS IN ARCTIC NORTH AMERICA.

The enterprising and courageous performance of the Earl of Lonsdale in travelling northward during many months of the year 1888, from the Saskatchewan River of the Great Western Territory of Canada to the shores of the Arctic Ocean, and thence crossing Alaska westward to the North Pacific in the following winter, has excited much attention. We are favoured by Lord Lonsdale with an exact account of his journeys, which in our opinion must have demanded an uncommon degree of personal fortitude and determination, being commenced very early in the season, before the inclemency of winter had abated. Few people, except some officers of the Hudson Bay Company and of the Alaska Fur Company, have made acquaintance with those desolate regions of North America, beyond the Athabasca and Peace Rivers—the Great Slave Lake, the Mackenzie River, the Great Bear Lake, the northern seacoast, and the upper country of Alaska, on the Yukon River, formerly Russian, but now belonging to the United States dominion. We know little of this vast and generally vacant terrestrial space, which covers altogether above fifteen degrees of latitude and fifty degrees of longitude, much of it within the Arctic Circle. Only a part of it will be recognised as "the Great Lone Land," or "The Great North-West," described, many years ago, by Dr. Rae, Lord Milton, and Dr. Cheadle, and by General Sir W. F. Butler, in books that were eagerly read at the time. Lord Lonsdale's report, of which a general summary will here be



SALMON-DRYING PLATFORMS ON THE YUCON RIVER, ALASKA.



ESQUIMAUX STOREHOUSES, PACKWELL VILLAGE, ALASKA.



THE EARL OF LONSDALE IN HIS ARCTIC TRAVELLING DRESS.



DEAD WHALE ON THE COAST OF BRISTOL BAY, ALASKA.



FORT NORMAN, ON THE MACKENZIE RIVER.



VIEW ON THE MACKENZIE RIVER.



A BIDARKA VOYAGE, ALASKA: READY TO START.

LORD LONSDALE'S TRAVELS IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS OF NORTH AMERICA.



ESQUIMAUX OF ALASKA.

given, with the sketches and photographs which he procured, and which he permits us to reproduce, may not add much to the information already possessed by scientific geographers, but the general public has much to learn concerning that remote and uninviting portion of the globe.

It was on Feb. 22, 1888, that his Lordship left England for Canada, determined to travel as far as he could overland in the Far West of the American continent, as well as to shoot a musk ox and a white bear in the most distant haunts of those animals, and to examine some facts in the natural history of that region. He had taken counsel with Sir John Rose, in London; and in Canada he further sought information from Sir Donald Smith, Governor of the Hudson Bay Company, Dr. G. M. Dawson, of the Zoological Department of the Colonial Government, and Dr. Bell, who gave him the best maps; but he was warned that it would be impossible for him to get beyond Green Lake. Nothing daunted, his Lordship went on by railway to Winnipeg, and thence to Qu'Appelle, on the Canadian Pacific line, where Mr. McDonald, the Hudson Bay Company's chief factor, made arrangements for horse-sledges to take him and his servant, with luggage, three hundred miles to Prince Albert, on the North Saskatchewan, and to Green Lake, where civilisation ends. Here, on April 3, sending back his servant and most of his stores, as the horses could go no farther, Lord Lonsdale continued his rather adventurous expedition with a train of sledges drawn by dogs. The weather during many days of his previous journey had been extremely cold, with deep snow, and occasional violent "blizzards."

The route now taken by his Lordship, in the first week of April, long before the Canadian winter had spent all its severity, was from Green Lake over Rat Creek and Waterhen River, to Grand Lake, Isle La Crosse, Buffalo Lake, Jack Fish Lake, and Clear Water River; halting at the Hudson Bay Company's stations at La Crosse and Buffalo Narrows, after which came a thaw, flooding the ground in many places, so as greatly to hinder travelling. The thermometer had previously averaged 43 degrees below zero. During the thaw, the sledges

could not run by day, but went on in the night, when the wet of the day had frozen again; sometimes only four or five miles could be got over in the day, but fifteen miles in the night. Our Illustrations, from photographs given to Lord Lonsdale by Colonel Gilder, show the kind of sledges, with dog-teams, commonly used in that country, and the Indians in attendance, dressed in clothing of blankets or leather, with fur caps and broad belts, about seven feet long, supplied by the Hudson Bay Company. York Factory, on the west coast of Hudson Bay, was not visited by Lord Lonsdale, but it is represented in our Illustrations to show the ordinary style of construction of the Company's forts or stations. The method of loading the sledges and harnessing the dogs is also the same everywhere in this region. Some of the best men, half-breeds, were employed to run in front of the dogs. These useful animals were fed on fish, stores of which are kept at certain stations; but the supply, both of this and of food for the travellers, was occasionally deficient. At Fort McMurray, where the Clear Water River joins the Athabasca, Mr. Cowie, the officer in charge, had no fish for the dogs, and reported that the Indians in the surrounding district were starving. He urgently advised Lord Lonsdale not to attempt travelling down the Athabasca on the river ice, a distance of 270 miles to Fort Chipewyan, as the chances were that the ice would break, and he would neither be able to cross the river, nor to

Fish River; passing its junction with the Peace River, where there is a most beautiful view, they descended the river northward to Fort Resolution, on the Great Slave Lake. When they arrived there, on June 1, the whole of that large lake was frozen over, except an open space round its verge, from fifty yards to 200 yards wide, kept clear by the flowing in of water from the river. Lord Lonsdale decided to avail himself of this channel, proceeding westward along the south shore of the lake, so as to get to Fort Providence, at its outlet to the north-west, and thereby to enter the Mackenzie River, before the main body of ice in the lake should break up and render its navigation much more perilous.

The following is an extract from his Lordship's narrative, with reference to his voyage along the Great Slave Lake: "There was so much labour attached to this undertaking that often, working from three in the morning until twelve o'clock at night, we did not make three miles; and on Friday, June 8, while trying to cross what is known as Sulphur Bay, we were caught by the drift ice from the shore, while the main ice of the lake was rapidly closing on us. We happened to get behind a huge granite rock; and in this spot we remained for twenty-eight days, without moving; every moment expecting that our boat would be crushed, and that we should lose everything in it. We could, however, ourselves pass, with our snow-shoes, on the ice to the shore. I was thus enabled to traverse



ESQUIMAUX CEMETERY, NOUMACHOCK, ALASKA.

camp on the "tundra," on its right bank, where the land, which is all flat and swampy, would then be flooded. Lord Lonsdale was therefore obliged to stay at Fort McMurray, from April 14 to May 9, shooting what game he could find, inspecting the country around, and observing its natural features. He mentions that there are, at a short distance above the junction of the Clear Water with the Athabasca, some marvellous petroleum springs, at the foot of a ridge of limestone, through which the great river has forced its way. The ice of this river began to break up on May 3, instead of the middle of April, the usual time in ordinary seasons. A boat had been repaired, and was put at Lord Lonsdale's disposal, for his river voyage down to Lake Athabasca.

This voyage was attended with great difficulties and some perils: at one time there was much danger of the boat being crushed by the floating ice; at another time it seemed likely to be swamped and sucked in by the whirlpools or cross-currents which these masses of ice had caused. Notwithstanding, Fort Chipewyan was reached in safety, and on May 22 the boat again started on her way down, but soon began to sink, having been much damaged. Lord Lonsdale and the men with him had just time to save themselves and the things they had in the boat. Sending back to Fort Chipewyan for another boat lost them a day; but they continued the voyage, from Lake Athabasca, entering the Cat

miles of the surrounding country in search of game, far from where our boat was. At this point I found many natural sulphur springs. I visited several lakes and streams, which are, I believe, as yet unknown except to the Hudson Bay traders and the natives, none of them being marked in the map.

"On Saturday, July 7, I got tired of waiting; and, as there was an open creek right up to the lake, and a breeze off shore, I set a square sheet I had, and sailed out on the lake. We encountered a severe storm; and the four natives I had with me were so frightened that they lay down in the bottom of the boat, absolutely useless. We drifted some way out into the lake; but with the assistance of McEwan, a good Hudson Bay Company's man I had with me, we managed to get into a large space of open water; and sailing down this, not knowing where we were going, in the dead of the night, we found ourselves at daybreak within a few miles of Buffalo River.

"On the following morning, we made our way on to Hay River, thirty-five miles north of Buffalo River; and here we found the Hudson Bay Company's steamer Wrigley had just arrived. The ice had broken her cable-chains; so she had had to do exactly the same as we had done, and to run through the ice. She was terribly cut about, but no serious damage was done. I was very glad I arrived at the moment; for there were many hands on board—I believe some seventy souls—and they had only one sack of flour left; but I had brought



YORK FACTORY, WEST COAST OF HUDSON'S BAY.

with me, from Fort Resolution, three sacks of flour, which I was able to give them. In the meantime, the steamer's carpenter mended our boat, which was in a dreadful condition and leaked very much, from contact with the ice.

"In this river, the Hay River, there are the most beautiful Falls that can be conceived, their height being about 250 ft. and the width about 300 yards. There are two falls, one having a clear drop of 150 ft. I have seen many comments, both in England and in America, on the accuracy of this statement. But I am credibly informed that it is confirmed both by Mr. Ogilvie, of the Geographical Survey of Canada, and by Mr. O'Connor, of the Geological Survey, who have visited this district, for the Government, during the last eighteen months. These magnificent Falls were originally discovered by the Bishop of Mackenzie (Bompas), and were named by him the Alexandra Falls, after her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales."

Taking leave of the steamer Wrigley, Lord Lonsdale went on in his boat to Fort Providence, where he was entertained, on the night of July 10, by Mr. Reed, the officer in charge, and then sailed on, down the Mackenzie River, to Fort Simpson, which he reached on July 14. The distance he had now travelled, since leaving the Canadian Pacific Railway line, was over 1200 miles, which was made up as follows: From Qu'Appelle to Prince Albert, by horse-sleigh, 300 miles; Prince Albert to Green Lake, by horse-sleigh, 200 miles; Green Lake to La Roche, by dog-sleigh, 180 miles; La Roche to Fort M'Murray, 70 miles; from Fort M'Murray, by open boat, to Fort Chipewyan, 180 miles; Fort Chipewyan to Fort Resolution, 182 miles; and Fort Resolution to Fort Simpson, 168 miles. Lord Lonsdale waited a few days at Fort Simpson for the arrival of the steamer, which brought him a few letters from England, written in February and March, but did not bring him the change of clothes that he had left behind him in Canada. As the Mackenzie River is, perhaps, little known to most of our readers, the following account of his Lordship's observations shall be quoted without abridgment:—

"On Friday, July 20, we started in the steamer down the Mackenzie, passing many lovely views of the Nahany Mountains; we also passed the mouth of the Nahany River, where there are indications of silver and some quartz. At half past three in the afternoon we reached Fort Wrigley, a small fort on the east side of the river. Here Mr. McEwan found some good fossils, indicating a much later formation than the neighbouring mountains show. The country around here is very similar to a part of the Bighorn Mountains, in the State of Wyoming, and would afford excellent pasturage for sheep, deer, and goats. In the evening we weighed anchor and proceeded down the river till we reached the wood-pile, stopped three hours to take in wood, and then returned to the Fort. At four o'clock on Saturday morning we passed the site of old Fort Norman. Soon after, we saw a curious sandstone rock, covered with overhanging moss, which, as it grows and dries, falls off in large lumps; from this peculiarity, it has got the name of 'Rolling Beaver,' which the mass is said to resemble. At half past six, we passed some banks where coal was burning, and has been for a hundred years or more. It is said, and I fancy the opinion is correct, that a coal-bed is burning below; for, in many places, flame and smoke come out of the ground. There are also large swallow-holes in the vicinity, rendering that district, altogether, somewhat dangerous to hunters of game and other wanderers. About here are many fossils, and whole leaves of trees imbedded in them, but trees no longer grow in these regions. Bishop Bompas, who has curious ideas and pooh-poohs the geologists, says they are not old fossils, but clay that gets burnt, and the geologists mistake it. But this is nonsense, for the leaves found in the fossils are not those of the present day. The specimen of coal shown me indicates a soft bituminous kind; some large trees, even, appear in the big blocks; and it is this which is said to be burning underground."

"At half past seven we landed at the present Fort Norman, which is situated about a hundred yards from Great Bear River, issuing from Great Bear Lake. Mr. Irvine, the officer in charge of the fort, informed me that the musk ox is found within ten days' journey from here, and that bears, deer, and moose are in the vicinity, mostly on the hills. We left Fort Norman at one in the afternoon, and at a quarter past four came to the first of the long reaches of the river, some of which exceed twenty or thirty miles. At half past five we passed a great deal of ice blocked. Soon after this we met Mr. Ogilvie's surveying party, for whom we had letters; after an hour's conversation we parted, and then proceeded down the river. We noticed nothing of importance until we came to a hill, on which was a stone exactly like a 'carcajou' (North American badger), and we therefore called it Carcajou Rock; we all shot a bullet at it, as is the custom with everyone who passes. At half past ten we came to the head of the great Sans Saunter Rapids, which are a mile and a half or two miles long, and took us six minutes and a quarter to descend, the steamer rolling considerably. The scenery now gave one the idea of a lake about a mile wide, bounded by a wall of limestone rock fully 150 ft. high, to which I could see no outlet. However, when almost touching the enormous rocks, I perceived the current become rapid, and it looked as if the water must flow beneath the rocks. But a few minutes more showed a narrow opening, where one point of the rock overlapped the other, through which we went, reaching the mouth of the river at ten minutes before two o'clock in the afternoon; half an hour later, we were at the Fort of Good Hope, five miles below the rampart of rock."

"During our short stay here, I was informed by Mr. Gaudet, who was in charge of the Fort, that the musk ox could be found about eight or ten days' journey from this place, but the elk seldom travels so far north; reindeer and moose are, as a rule, plentiful. I learned also from this gentleman that a new species of bear is to be met with here—the 'Barren Ground Bear,' which is a huge animal, measuring 7 ft. or 8 ft. in length. We embarked again at half past three o'clock, and passed Hare or Rabbit River, from which the natives of these parts get their name of 'Hare Indians.' I was told by them that the mosquitoes, of which we had myriads around us, were so numerous in the bush as to make it impossible to go there to hunt. On July 23, at eight in the morning, we passed the Mud Ramparts, and Point Separation at ten o'clock. About five miles below this point, opposite an island now named Lonsdale Island, we obtained a lovely view of the Rocky Mountains. Here is the Red River, which is very narrow and deep for about the first twenty miles, till it widens to a breadth of half a mile. By half past three in the afternoon we reached Peel's River Fort, thirty miles west of the Mackenzie, the exact geographical position of which is 67 deg. 26 min. 45 sec. North latitude, and 135 deg. West longitude."

"I stayed at Peel's River Fort two or three days, employed in fitting out a York boat to go down to the Arctic Sea. We left on Tuesday, July 31, when, going past Point Separation and Point Encounter, the latter a place named by Sir John Franklin, we took the right-hand branch of the river, which at this place forms a delta, its numerous mouths extending over forty miles. Going on night and day without stopping, we passed the Sand Hills, where timber ceases; and, though

I took no accurate observations that would be absolutely reliable, I am of opinion, from the observations I did take, that it was latitude 68 deg. 66 sec. North. From this point till we reached the Arctic Sea, no description of timber was to be seen. We then turned up a very narrow channel, along which we were obliged to drag the boat, as it was impossible to use the oars; and, after going three miles up this stream, led by an Esquimaux, we entered Esquimaux River. Travelling down this, we came to the sea, where, in a deep bay, we found some Mackenzie River Esquimaux, whale-hunting in conjunction with the Anderson River 'Huskies.' I stayed with them several days, and then proceeded over the float and drift ice to the opposite coast." (This must be the "Banks' Land," or "Baring Island," shown in maps of the Arctic Archipelago; not "Melville Island," which lies far to the north-east, beyond Banks' Strait.)

"I returned eventually through another mouth of the Mackenzie to Peel's River. The Esquimaux here were entirely different from what I had imagined; and I believe I was the first person, with the exception of Bishop Bompas, who had entered this Esquimaux camp. One of the Illustrations shows the chief, Iawah-toack, and the councillor, Kagley, who is the taller of the two. We then proceeded across Peel's River to East Rat, descending which, in Alaska, we came to the Yucan River, at Old Fort Yucan, passing on our way Neuklakayiet, the scene of the recent murder of a miner by the Indians. We next passed the Nulato and Anvic stations; at the first-named place there was considerable excitement and fear of an Indian raid. Shortly afterwards we reached the Russian Mission. The cold was now becoming very severe. We had to wait here a short time for the river to freeze. When it was frozen, we started on it with sleds and dogs, with a party of Indians and Esquimaux. These Esquimaux of the Yucan, in Alaska, are of a totally different type from those of the Mackenzie; their stature is very small. One of my guides is represented in a photograph."

"On Monday, Nov. 19, we left the Russian Mission, and travelled thirty-five miles down the river to the village of Zalontiska, or Etkormut, where we halted for the night. Striking to the south-west, we reached the Lake of Zizialuck, after passing which we camped at Noumachock village, late at night, having made sixty miles that day. I regret to say that, during that time, some of our dogs froze to death; we had therefore to wait all the following day, to get others to take their place. Some of the men also had suffered severely from the cold, which was here very intense. Here, at Noumachock, there is a most curious graveyard. The Esquimaux, in this part of the country, always plant, on a pole or standard, over the grave, the articles belonging to the man who has died, and erect also rude wooden monuments to his memory."

"Next day, we reached a small village called Muchon; on the following day, we crossed the Kuskikwin River. Journeying on to Apookar, we encamped at Siftokarmut, having made forty miles that day; here we were received by the Esquimaux, who met us in large numbers. With considerable difficulty, we reached Naushagak on Dec. 14, and were hospitably entertained by Mr. Clarke, agent for the Alaska Company. We did not leave here until Jan. 28, on account of the prevalence of storms and the want of dogs. Then we started going down the river, which is at one place six miles wide, divided by a small island. It is noted for its extraordinary yield of fish. In the summer as many as 100,000 cases of canned salmon, each case holding about six dozen cans, are filled by the fish of this river. The Illustration shows about 50,000 salmon drying on the beach, for winter provision. Outside the underground houses of the Esquimaux, in which they live all the year round, are rude log 'caches,' or store-houses, constructed about eight feet above the ground, to prevent the wolves getting at them, which are shown in the view of Packwell Village."

"We proceeded along the seacoast of Bristol Bay, between Kogigan and the mouth of the Ilumna. A whale was found here, which had evidently been wounded and cast up by the tide in the whaling season. In travelling over the peninsula to Katmai, a distance of forty-two miles, we had to cross a glacier, where we lost several men and some dogs. On arriving at Katmai, I was anxious to send letters on to Kodiak (the Alaska trading port, on an island). To do this, it was necessary to persuade the Indians to go in two 'bidarkas,' which can be done in safety by taking the right moment. One of the Illustrations shows them ready to start with my letters. It was, however, a month before I received any answer. The Alaska Company, using all possible speed, kindly sent over a small schooner to fetch me away. I went to Kodiak for a month, and then embarked in the Alaska Company's steamer Bertha, by which I arrived at San Francisco on Tuesday, April 19, 1889, and was enabled there to put on the garments of civilised life."

We reserve some of the Illustrations to be published next week. The trophies of natural history collected by Lord Lonsdale and brought to London have been skilfully modelled and set up by Mr. Rowland Ward, F.Z.S., and may be inspected at his Gallery of Natural History, 166, Piccadilly.

Captain S. T. Banning, Royal Munster Fusiliers, has been appointed Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General on the Staff at Dublin.

The Registrar of South Wales College has received from the secretary of the Drapers' Company a cheque for £1000 towards the college funds.

The Saddlers' Company have distributed £500 among the hospitals, dispensaries, asylums, and police-court poor boxes of the metropolis.

The Earl of Zetland on Dec. 23 received in the Throne Room at Dublin Castle addresses of congratulation from the Senate of the University of Dublin and from the President and Fellows of the King and Queen's College of Physicians.

Streatham has adopted the Free Libraries Acts by a considerable majority of ratepayers. The result enables Streatham to take advantage of the offer made by Mr. Henry Tate, of Park-hill, to construct a free library building at a cost of £5000.

Mr. M. T. Monk, Mus. Doc. Oxon., and Fellow of the College of Organists, London, has been appointed organist of Truro Cathedral, in the room of Dr. Sinclair, who proceeds to Hereford. There were 120 applicants.

Lady Mount-Temple has made over to the National Gallery one of Rossetti's finest works—"Beata Beatrix," a picture illustrating the symbolical death of Beatrice in the "Vita Nuova." The face of Beatrice is a striking likeness of the artist's wife, painted shortly after her death. The picture has been placed on a screen in one of the inner galleries.

The Annual Conference of the Principals of the University Colleges was held on Dec. 24 at the Durham College of Science, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Principal Garnett occupying the chair. The Principals were subsequently entertained at dinner by the chairman. Several questions affecting the interests of the colleges collectively were discussed at the meeting; and it was decided, on the invitation of Principal Reichel, that the next gathering should be held at University College, Bangor.

## CAWDOR CASTLE.

To say that the early history of Scotland reads like a romance is but half the truth, for it contains, besides, the elements of rugged poetry, which at once distinguish it from, and exalt it above, the early histories of other countries. Whether Sir Walter Scott, like a true Wizard of the North, has enveloped his country with a vapour of romance, through which the barbarities and cruelties of which it was guilty are but dimly seen, or whether the wildness and grandeur of its scenery and poetical aspect of its people have imparted their own character to its history, it is not easy to say; but no one can travel in Scotland without feeling that the force and vividness of its legends and traditions, and the romances of its castles, fortresses, and battlefields, have incorporated themselves into its history, as is the case in no other country, not excepting England. The spirit of the Black Douglas still hovers around Stirling Castle, Bannockburn remains a more vivid reality than Quatre Bras, and the great brooch of Lorn a truer relic than the armour of the Black Prince in the Cathedral of Canterbury.

Of the many old places where tradition still lingers and romance remains, Cawdor Castle is one of the most interesting. The castle, which is about seven or eight miles from Nairn, is built on rising ground by a river side. The grey stones of its walls and battlements are mellowed by the hand of Time to a soft and beautiful tint, and one side is almost entirely covered with ivy. The keep was erected in the fifteenth century, and the main entrance to the castle is still over the old drawbridge and under the iron teeth of a portcullis, though the moat itself is grassed over, and has lost entirely its warlike character. The castle is one of the residences of the Earl of Cawdor, who has kindly given permission to the public to see it twice a week from the hours of three to five o'clock upon payment of sixpence for each person. Furthermore, Lord Cawdor and his family absent themselves from the castle at that time in order to allow tourists an unrestricted inspection of the castle. The honours are done, as usual, by a housekeeper of genial and prepossessing appearance, who is never able to answer anything that anyone wishes to know, unless it happens strictly to fall within the limits of her repertory. The legend of the castle is more than usually interesting. It is not known at what date precisely the original castle was built; but the charters preserved in the present building state that the square tower or keep, which is the oldest part now existing, was erected in 1454. There was originally another castle some miles distant, the remains of which have only recently disappeared. The story goes that the then Thane of Cawdor, being anxious to build another castle, placed the necessary treasure in an iron coffer, and fastened it on to the back of an ass. He then set forth, determined to build wherever the ass should stop. The animal first paused at the last of three hawthorn-trees, whereupon the Thane accepted the site, and built up the great keep around the tree. The remaining two thorn-trees perished some fifty years ago. The survivor is still shown in the donjon keep. It is a tall gaunt tree, stripped of its branches, and springing out of a concrete floor, which has been added in recent years on account of the damp. The coffer, which is a heavy iron chest, is still kept in the same place. The ass must have been an exceptionally strong one, or he would undoubtedly have stopped at the first tree. The donjon is barred by a heavy iron gate of open crossbar pattern, and is said to have been carried, though of immense weight, from a neighbouring castle of Lochindorb on the back of one man. The rest of the house is of various dates down to 1699, since which time it has not been altered or added to. The living rooms are somewhat disappointing. The tapestry, which is good, is indifferently set or framed in panelling of somewhat inferior pitch pine, and the rest of the woodwork is of a similar character. There is little in the furniture that is interesting, and the carved chairs have a modern look, though they are of good design. Perhaps the most interesting thing in the house is a great stone mantelpiece in one of the drawing-rooms, covered with the quaintest of carvings. The figures comprise mermaids playing upon harps, monkeys blowing horns, and Grimal-kin scraping his traditional fiddle. There are also huntsmen on horseback with dogs in pursuit of game; a very curious carving of a bird with an immense bill, which looks very like a toucan, and last, not least, two foxes smoking tobacco-pipes. This unfoxlike occupation has given rise to many conjectures, as the date on the mantelpiece is 1510, which was prior to the introduction of tobacco into England by Sir Walter Raleigh. The centre of the mantel is occupied by the Campbell coat of arms, and the motto "Be mindful," with the initials "I. C." and "M. C." on each side of the shield, and the following inscription runs along the whole length of the base:—

15 CERI MANI MEMINERIS MANE 10.

The name of the old Thanes of Cawdor was Calder, and its change to Campbell took place in this wise. William Calder, the Thane who built the tower in 1454, had five sons, the eldest of whom was puny in stature and weak in mind. His father determined to settle the estates on his second son, John, whom he married to the daughter of one of the neighbouring Barons of Kilravock. John Calder died soon afterwards, leaving Muriel Calder, an only daughter, as heiress to the Cawdor estates. She was at once taken under the protection of her grandfather, Kilravock, who intended to marry her to his grandson, and her cousin, and keep the property in the family. But the then Earl of Argyll had heard of the prize, and determined to secure it for his own family. This was the easier for him to do, as he was Justice General of Scotland, and able in that capacity to render valuable assistance to the Baron of Kilravock, who was engaged in some troublesome litigation. The Baron in return agreed to deliver up his granddaughter, and the Earl obtained her wardship from the king. In other words, he got the right to marry her to whomsoever he pleased. He accordingly sent a kinsman of his own, with a number of followers, to bring her to Inveraray. Her paternal uncles, the sons of William Calder, were, however, unwilling to let her go without a struggle, and pursued Campbell of Inverliver with a strong party. The child, Muriel, was despatched with a small escort to Inveraray, and Inverliver, having dressed up a sheaf of corn in her clothes, turned round and gave battle to his pursuers, at the same time keeping the dummy child in full view in the rear. The result of the conflict was disastrous to the Calders, and Muriel was taken safely to Inveraray, where in her twelfth year she was married to Argyll's youngest son, Sir John Campbell. They ultimately took quiet possession of Cawdor, and lived there for the remainder of their lives.

In 1699 Sir Hugh Campbell entered into a contract with the masons of Nairn to build up the castle as it now stands for eighteen hundred merks in meal and money.

The struggles and fighting, the rapine and bloodshed are all over now; the soothing hum of the bees in the lime-trees and the murmuring sounds of the Calder burn have replaced the tumult of men and clashing of arms, but the tradition of the castle, and the letters engraven on the carved stone mantel in the drawing-room, still keep alive the memory of one of the many romances of a romantic country.

T. T. G.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Beautiful almost beyond description are the brocades that are now being made up into evening dresses at the London houses. It would have been a sad pity if brocaded silks had been entirely out of fashion when the Paris Exhibition arrived: for it was that great show of all that was splendid which induced the manufacturers to put forth special efforts to produce the very best of which the looms are capable.

There are few handsome gowns of which brocade does not form part just now. The designs are of all sorts, from the large single flowers that are suitable only for trains for matrons of a certain height and dignity, down to the delicate little sprays scattered over a surface of lovely sheen, or small patterns which make fine stripes alternately with the plain ground of silk or satin. Only women of considerable height should wear the very big patterns, though they seem to be most fashionable as far as the dressmakers are concerned. They are, indeed, extremely effective. A dark-green satin ground, for example, is brocaded with a tulip of a most rich red, neither scarlet nor crimson, but between the two, every petal being thinly outlined with a paler green than the ground. A white chrysanthemum, with two green leaves, forms the pattern on an old pink ground. A magnolia in the deepest of crimson tints decorates a ground of black. All these flowers are more than the natural size of the blossom, and being thickly scattered over the ground would dwarf a little woman, but give added stateliness to one with a fine figure.

For a slender young woman, on the other hand, what can be more charming than a dark heliotrope silk brocaded with a single convolvulus in silver at frequent intervals? Or, again, here is a design which the ever-graceful Princess of Wales has chosen for one of her favourite demi-toilette gowns, with square open only in front and elbow sleeves, a style she always prefers to full dress when the occasion allows of choice. The ground is white thick satin, and the brocading is of very fine wreaths of flowers in an infinite variety of colours, connected with one another by thick-twisted curb chains of gold. The effect of this is so light that the whole gown is to be made of it, only that there will be a stomacher and also panels on either side of white mousseline de soie. Gold and silver are liberally used in many of the brocades. A dark-red ground damasked with gold butterflies is one of the most curious patterns. A dark mauve with silver clusters of grapes laid in stripes is pretty; while the next

design, a thick black silk with small sunflowers of gold, though the flowers are not large, is yet very striking.

In making up these gorgeous fabrics there is practically no draping allowed. One dress shown me was in what is called the "sheath" fashion of the Empire. The dress fits as tightly as possible, Princess fashion, from the top of the low bodice down over the hips; but at either side it is slit up, so as to allow the train to spread out and the tablier to move over the feet in walking; and these openings at the sides are filled in with plain muslin, laid over satin. The dress thus made was a brocade of a lemon-yellow silk ground, damasked with bouquets of pink, green, and white flowers, arranged in stripes alternately with the plain yellow of the ground, and the sides were of yellow silk veiled with white silk muslin, with a gold passementerie fixing it in place at the edges.

Another elegant toilette had a plain, round-looking, low-cut bodice, and train lying perfectly flat at the back, without a pleat even, far less an "improver," the material being mauve satin, brocaded with silver leaves and purple polyanthus. The only relief to the perfect plainness of the make, both of bodice and train, was a sort of sleeveless jacket in the front only, of silver-grey faille française, coming just from the armhole to the waist in front, and meeting only at the bust, with a short sidepiece of the same silk, forming a panel on the skirt at either side, but not coming lower down it than the knee. Many of the brocades are made up, however, in more ordinary fashion, having a bodice, either cut low all round or high behind and open square in front, and a front of plain silk, or draped with embroidered muslin, with real lace, or with tulle; a train set on in double box pleats.

Children's parties are the order of the day. It seems odd to remember that people in England hardly knew what the Christmas-tree was, until the Prince Consort taught them by setting one up in the Royal nursery. Now, the youngsters are, perhaps, a little tired of the tree, though there is no other way of giving little presents at a party that produces so pretty a first effect. If the tree be abundantly decked with glass balls of many colours to reflect the light, and candles in tin sconces, it has a brilliant look that is sure to be enjoyed by the unsophisticated youngsters, to whom *taudry* is still a word of little meaning. The balls and sconces cost a good deal to buy, if one provides plenty of them, but they serve from each year to another. It is useless to distribute them, as some people do, with the toys and sweetmeats off the tree. The children can do nothing with them, and they are soon broken and wasted. It is best to keep them for another year.

Less trouble than decking the tree, and having the advantage of novelty, is the method of distributing the gifts known as "The magic cave." It is extemporised in the corner of the dining-room, or whichever room the children are not going to play or dance in all the evening. A couple of large screens, or even clothes-horses, are put up, and hung over with sheets, which are then covered with silver paper, stuck about with cotton-wool or swansdown fluff for snow. A gipsy must inhabit the tent, which should be scented well by burning pastilles, and lighted in a dim, mysterious fashion with lamps or candles all shaded by red glass or silk, and interspersed with fairy lamps covered with owl-face shades, through the eyes of which the light gleams uncannily. The little presents must be appropriated to each child, and the gipsy calls them, from the group gathered together in delightful half-terror, to enter one by one to receive the present. Very tiny children of a timid nature stand some chance of being really frightened by such mystery and dimness; so that when the little guests are mostly small this plan is not good. But, ordinarily, it only gives opportunity for that "make believe" of something wonderful about what is known to be really commonplace, in which children delight so often.

Another plan is to have Father Christmas arrive, towards the end of the evening, with a sack of toys on his back. He must have a white head and a long white beard, of course. Wig and beard can be cheaply hired from a theatrical costumier, or may even be improvised from tow in case of need. He should wear a greatcoat down to his heels, liberally sprinkled with flour, as though he had just come in from that land of ice where Father Christmas is supposed to reside. Nobody will mind the anachronism of his arriving at a party in January as though belated. He is a popular figure to the juvenile eye, whatever the date in the winter holidays. If a good-natured young man will play the venerable Santa Claus he may add to the fun by his gay criticism of known failings on the part of some of the youngsters of the family; but this needs real good-nature, for it is a shame to turn a child's festival into misery by public moralising and fault-finding.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

The Bishop of Rochester opened St. John's Parochial Hall in Tooley-street on Dec. 27. The parish has a population of 10,000, and the hall is to be used for mission services, entertainments, and a workmen's club. It will accommodate about 600 people.

# SUNLIGHT SOAP.

An Article Attracting Attention.  
**A** SUNLIGHT SOAP.

**B** BY BRIGHTNESS  
BEAUTIFIES.  
SUNLIGHT SOAP.

**C** CREATES COMFORT  
CHEAPLY.  
SUNLIGHT SOAP.

**D** DESTROYS DISTRESSING  
DIRT.  
SUNLIGHT SOAP.

**E** ENCOURAGES ECONOMY,  
EVADES EXHAUSTION.  
SUNLIGHT SOAP.

**F** FACILITATES FACILITY  
FAMOUSLY.  
SUNLIGHT SOAP.

**G** GIVES GENERAL  
SATISFACTION.  
SUNLIGHT SOAP.

**H** HEIGHTENS HOUSE-  
WIVES' HAPPINESS.  
SUNLIGHT SOAP.

**I** INDICATES IMPOR-  
TANT IMPROVEMENT.  
SUNLIGHT SOAP.

**J** JUDICIOUSLY JUDGED,  
JOYFUL JEWEL.  
SUNLIGHT SOAP.

**K** KITCHENS KEPT  
KNOWINGLY.  
SUNLIGHT SOAP.

**L** LASSES' LAUNDRY  
LABOUR LIGHTENED.  
SUNLIGHT SOAP.

**M** MAIDENS MERRY,  
MATRONS MARVEL.  
SUNLIGHT SOAP.

**N** NOW NOBODY NEED  
NEGLECT NEATNESS.  
SUNLIGHT SOAP.

**O** OVERCOMES OPPOSED  
OPINIONS OFFHAND.  
SUNLIGHT SOAP.

**P** PURCHASERS PROMOTE  
PERFECT PURITY.  
SUNLIGHT SOAP.

**Q** QUALITY QUITE  
QUESTIONLESS.  
SUNLIGHT SOAP.

**R** RAPIDLY RESTORES  
RETURNING REST.  
SUNLIGHT SOAP.

**S** SUNLIGHT SOAP SCOURS  
SURPRISINGLY SWIFT.  
SUNLIGHT SOAP.

**T** TABLETS TRANSMITTING  
TREBLE THRIFT.  
SUNLIGHT SOAP.

**U** UNIVERSALLY USEFUL,  
UTTERLY UNEQUALLED.  
SUNLIGHT SOAP.

**V** VOTED VERY VISIBLE  
VALUE.  
SUNLIGHT SOAP.

**W** WEARY WOMAN'S WASHING  
WONDER.  
SUNLIGHT SOAP.

**X** XCITES XCELLENT  
XPEDITIOUS XAMPLE.  
SUNLIGHT SOAP.

**Y** YEARLY YIELDS  
YOUNGER YOUTH.  
SUNLIGHT SOAP.

**Z** ZEAL, ZENITH  
ZUNLIGHT SOAP.  
SUNLIGHT SOAP.

THE DEAF AND DUMB ALPHABET.

SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D.,

Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Vice-President of the Institute of Chemistry of Great Britain, Chief Medical Officer of Health for Dublin, S.Sc.C. Cambridge University, Member of the College of Physicians, Professor of Hygiene and Chemistry, Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, Hon. Mem. Societies of Hygiene, Paris, Bordeaux, and Belgium, Laboratory, Royal College of Surgeons, Stephen's Green, W., Dublin, REPORTS, February 15th, 1888:—

I have carefully analysed specimens of the "SUNLIGHT SOAP" submitted to me for that purpose by Messrs. Lever Brothers, Warrington, and the following are the results at which I have arrived:—  
alkali, the large percentage of fatty acids which it contains, and the purity of the materials employed in its preparation. I EMPLOY THE SOAP, and from my actual experience of it can strongly recommend it.  
(Signed) CHARLES A. CAMERON.

# VAN HOUTEN'S PURE BEST AND Soluble GOES FARTHEST. COCOA

EASILY DIGESTED.—MADE INSTANTLY.

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Manufactory: QUEEN'S WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Irish probate, granted at Dublin, of the will (dated Feb. 2, 1885), with a codicil (dated Aug. 2, 1889), of the Right Hon. George Arthur Hastings, Earl of Granard, K.P., late of Castleforbes, county Longford, who died on Aug. 25 last, to the Right Hon. Frances Mary, Countess of Granard, the widow and acting executrix, was sealed in London on Dec. 23, the gross value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to over £31,000. The testator gives his furniture and effects, subject to the provisions of a certain indenture, and his badge and star of Gregory the Great, conferred upon him by Pope Pius IX., to his wife, until his eldest son attains twenty-one, and then to him; his robes and stars of a Knight of St. Patrick, his cross of the Order of Malta, and his pedigree, compiled by Sir Bernard Burke, to his wife, until his eldest son attains twenty-one, and then to go as heirlooms with the earldom of Granard. There are various legacies and provisions in the will, and he appoints his wife residuary devisee and legatee.

The will (dated Feb. 1, 1887) of Mr. Théodore Darthez, late of St. Palais, in the Department of Basses Pyrénées, France, who died on July 10 last, was proved in London on Dec. 17 by Jacques Théodore Darthez Lassalle, the nephew, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to upwards of £275,000. The testator bequeaths a perpetual annuity of 3000*fr.* for the maintenance of the church of St. Palais; 100,000*fr.* to the hospital of St. Palais; 10,000*fr.* to the poor of St. Palais; and 5000*fr.* to his cook, Marianne Bordaberry, if still in his service. He appoints as his universal heirs his sisters Angeline Darthez, Célestine Darthez, the widow Darthez Lassalle, and Louise Darthez St. Jayme, and his nephews and nieces Laurent Darthez Lassalle, Ovide Darthez Lassalle, Théodore Darthez Lassalle, Armand Darthez Lassalle, Marie Lacombe, and Madeleine D'Audurain, in equal shares.

The will (dated July 21, 1880), with a codicil (dated Dec. 10, 1888), of Mr. Sigismund Hey Langenbach, late of No. 52, Ennismore-gardens, merchant, who died on Oct. 10 last, was proved on Dec. 19 by Henry Louis Bischoffsheim, James Stern, and Sigismund Kolm-Speyer, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £109,000. The testator gives his residence in Ennismore-gardens, all his furniture, plate, pictures, jewellery, effects, horses and carriages, and £2500 to his wife, Mrs. Mathilde Kaulla Langenbach; a further sum of £500 which he requests her to distribute among charities; an annuity of £200 to his sister, Amelia Strauss; and complimentary legacies to his executors.

The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life or widowhood, and then for his children; but in the event of his wife marrying again an annuity is to be paid to her, the amount being dependent upon whether he does or does not leave issue. In default of children, who shall take a vested interest in his estate, he bequeaths £500 each to his nephew and nieces, Herman Strauss, Richa Kalm, and Marie Weil; £1000 to the wife of his brother, Leopold Heyum Langenbach, and £1000 to each of his said brother's children. The ultimate residue is to be divided among his next-of-kin, according to the statute for the distribution of an intestate's effects.

The will (dated Feb. 29, 1888) of Mr. Harry Nicholl, late of Lewisham, and of The Firs, Blakeney-road, Beckenham, who died on Sept. 30 last, was proved on Dec. 19 by Mrs. Emily Nicholl, the widow, and Mr. Thomas Frame, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £92,000. The testator bequeaths £23,000, upon trust, for his wife, for life; then as to £15,000 thereof for Alice Thompson, for life, and at her death for her children as she shall appoint; and as to the remainder of the said sum of £23,000 for his brothers Charrington Nicholl and John Richard Nicholl; £50 to the Cottage Hospital at Beckenham; £100 each to the Rupture Society, Great James-street, Bedford-row, and the Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, City-road; and legacies to brothers, to twenty-eight nephews and nieces, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Nov. 6, 1888), with two codicils (dated Feb. 8, 1889, and Oct. 18, 1889), of Mr. Coventry Mark Woodhouse, formerly of No. 30, Mincing-lane, and late of No. 20, Upper Phillimore-gardens, who died on Nov. 3, was proved on Dec. 17 by Coventry Archer Woodhouse, the Rev. Arthur Powys Woodhouse, and the Rev. James Stanley Woodhouse, the sons, and John Hunter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £47,000. The testator leaves his furniture, plate, and the contents of his house (except money and securities for money) to his wife, Mrs. Anna Jane Woodhouse; £20,000, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his four surviving sons, Coventry Archer, Arthur Powys, James Stanley, and Alfred, and his daughter, Mrs. Frances Olivia Rohde; the property he became entitled to by the death of his son, Otway Edward, to his said four sons and daughter; and there are legacies to his brothers, sister, sister-in-law, nieces, and executors. There are also legacies to children to equalise gifts and advances already made to them,

and an additional legacy to his daughter. The residue of his property he gives to his four surviving sons.

The will (dated Aug. 12, 1888) of Mr. Charles Spencer Crowder, late of Spencer House, Preston Park, Brighton, who died on Nov. 1, was proved on Dec. 20 by Mrs. Caroline Crowder, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £25,000. The testator bequeaths the whole of his property, real and personal, to his wife.

The will (dated Dec. 15, 1887), with a codicil (dated April 6, 1887), of Robert Cooper Kersey, M.D., late of Bournemouth, who died on Nov. 22, was proved on Dec. 19 by the Rev. Thomas Robert Wainwright, the nephew, and Donald William Preston, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £10,000. The testator directs a fund to be set aside to produce £250 per annum, four fifths of which is to be paid to his sister, Mrs. Anna Louisa Wainwright, for life; and one fifth to his brother, John Cooper Kersey, for life. He bequeaths £1000 each to the five eldest children of his said sister, and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to the six children of his said sister.

The will (dated July 3, 1884), with two codicils (dated June 30, 1885, and July 17, 1886), of Mr. Francis Edward Reade, formerly H.E.I.C.S., and of Holbrook House, Holbrook, Suffolk, but late of No. 11, Powis-gardens, Bayswater, who died on Sept. 14 last, was proved on Dec. 17 by the Rev. Charles Darby Reade, the brother, and Francis O'Shaughnessy Belli Reade, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £5000. The testator bequeaths his furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Reade; and legacies to children and to his said brother. His farm, called Gosnell's or Baker's, he leaves upon the same trusts as the estate at or near Holbrook devised by the will of his father. The residue of his property he gives to his sons Frederick Walter and Revell Bodham.

In Bengal, at the last primary scholarship examinations, eight out of twenty scholarships were awarded to girls.

Count Karolyi, who was formerly the Ambassador of Austria-Hungary at the Court of St. James's, died recently while hunting on his estate in Hungary.

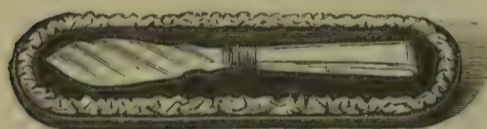
Nine steamers arrived at Liverpool during the week ending Dec. 28 with live stock and fresh meat from American and Canadian ports, the total arrivals being 1620 cattle and 11,579 quarters of beef.

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Buckhorn Handle Carvers, Chased Silver Mounts, complete in Polished Oak Case, One Pair Meat Carvers and Steel .. £2 2 0  
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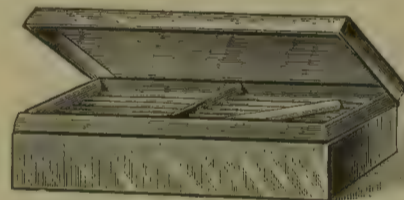


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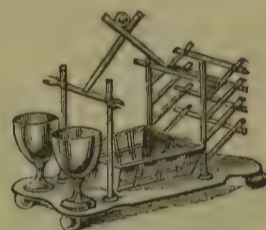
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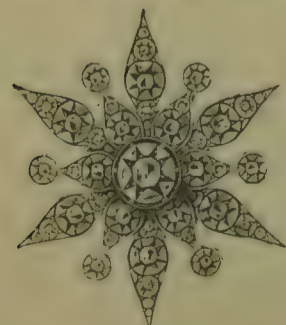
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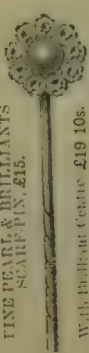
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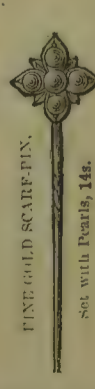
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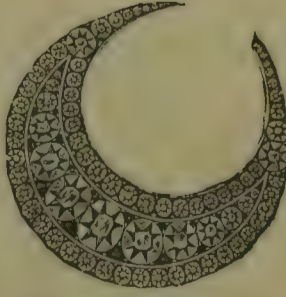
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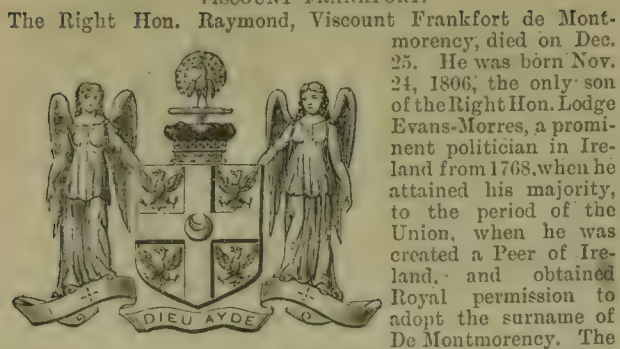
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seller or Newsagent.

## OBITUARY.

## VISCOUNT FRANKFORT.



The Right Hon. Raymond, Viscount Frankfort de Montmorency, died on Dec. 25. He was born Nov. 24, 1806, the only son of the Right Hon. Lodge Evans-Morres, a prominent politician in Ireland from 1768, when he attained his majority, to the period of the Union, when he was created a Peer of Ireland, and obtained Royal permission to adopt the surname of De Montmorency. The nobleman whose death we record was educated at Eton, and was formerly Lieutenant in the 10th Hussars. He married, Jan. 12, 1835, Georgina Fredrica, daughter of Mr. Peter FitzGibbon Henchy, Q.C., and by her (who died in 1885) leaves an only surviving son, Major-General the Hon. Raymond Hervey de Montmorency, who now succeeds as third Viscount Frankfort. He is married to Rachel Mary Lumley Godolphin, eldest daughter of Field-Marshal the Right Hon. Sir John Michel, G.C.B., and has issue.

## SIR WILLIAM DUNBAR, BART.

Sir William Dunbar, seventh Baronet of Mochrum, in the county of Wigton, J.P. and D.L., died on Dec. 19, in his seventy-seventh year. He was eldest son of James Dunbar, late of the 21st Light Dragoons, and succeeded to the title at the decease of his uncle, Sir William Rowe Dunbar, Bart., June 22, 1841. He was educated at Edinburgh University, and admitted an advocate at the Scottish Bar in 1835. From 1859 to 1865 he was keeper of the Prince

of Wales's Privy Seal, and a member of the Council of the Duchy of Cornwall. His first return as M.P. for Wigton Burghs was in 1857, and that constituency he continued to represent until 1865, when he was appointed Comptroller-General of the Exchequer. From 1859 to 1865 he held office as a Lord of the Treasury. Sir William married, Jan. 7, 1842, Catherine Hay, eldest daughter of Mr. James Paterson of Carpow, Perthshire, by whom he leaves two sons—Sir Uthred James Hay-Dunbar, now ninth Baronet of Mochrum, and William Cospatrick Dunbar, C.B., Assistant Under-Secretary for Scotland, both of whom are married.

## SIR PAUL W. MOLESWORTH, BART.

Sir Paul William Molesworth, M.A., tenth Baronet, sometime Rector of Tetcott, Devon, died at The Tower, Newquay, Cornwall, on Dec. 23, in his sixty-ninth year. He was educated at Eton, and graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1843. He succeeded to the title at the death of his brother, the Rev. Sir Hugh Henry Molesworth, in 1862. He married, Sept. 25, 1849, Jane Frances, eldest daughter of Mr. Gordon William Francis Gregor, of Trewarthenick, Cornwall, and had issue Lewis William, who succeeds as eleventh Baronet, two other sons, and three daughters. The Molesworths are a family of great antiquity and distinction. The eighth Baronet was the late Right Hon. Sir William Molesworth, M.P., Secretary for the Colonies.

## THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR MACMORROUGH KAVANAGH.

The Right Hon. Arthur MacMorrough Kavanagh, P.C., of Borris, in the county of Carlow, J.P. and D.L., Lord Lieutenant of that county, died on Dec. 25. He was born March 25, 1831, the son of the late Mr. Thomas Kavanagh of Borris, member for the city of Kilkenny in the last Irish Parliament, and afterwards for the county of Carlow in the Imperial Parliament, by his wife, Lady Harriet Le Poer Trench, daughter of Richard, Earl of Clancarty. In 1853, at the death of his brother, he inherited the estates of his family, of so ancient a tenure that "their title was immemorial." The Kavanaghs are, in truth, of illustrious ancestry, being descended from Donell Caomhanagh, son of Dermot MacMorrough, last King of Leinster. Mr. Kavanagh, whose death we record, sat in Parliament for the county of Wexford from 1866 to 1868, and for the county of Carlow from 1869 to 1880. He was sworn of the Privy Council, 1886, was a member of the Bessborough Royal Com-

mission, and sat on several Parliamentary Committees. A staunch and steady Conservative, he was ever prepared to defend Irish interests, and to give his assistance to all measures tending to the welfare of his country. His loss will be deeply felt. He married, March 15, 1855, Frances Mary, only surviving child of the Rev. Joseph Ford Leathley, and leaves a son and heir, Walter MacMorrough Kavanagh, now of Borris, late of the Royal Irish Rifles, born Jan. 14, 1856, and other issue.

## SIR FRANCIS C. F. TURVILLE.

Sir Francis Charles Fortescue Turville, K.C.M.G., of Bosworth Hall, in the county of Leicester, J.P. and D.L., died on Dec. 20. He was born Jan. 16, 1831, the eldest son of Mr. George Fortescue Turville of Bosworth Hall, by Henrietta, his wife, daughter of Baron Adolph von der Lancken, and represented the old Leicestershire family of Turville of Aston Flamville. He was formerly secretary to Sir John Young (Lord Lisgar) in the Ionian Isles, New South Wales, and Canada. He married, Aug. 3, 1878, Adelaide Annabella, widow of Lord Lisgar, and daughter of Mr. Edward Tuite Dalton, by Olivia, his wife, afterwards Marchioness of Headfort.

## THE DOWAGER LADY RATHDONNELL.

The Right Hon. Anne, Dowager Lady Rathdonnell, died at Drumcar House, in the county of Louth, on Dec. 22, in her eighty-second year. She was eldest daughter of the Rev. John Henry George Lefroy, M.A., of Ewshott House, Hants, and was married in 1829 to Mr. John McClintock of Drumcar, M.P., Lord Lieutenant of the county of Louth, who was created a Peer of Ireland as Baron Rathdonnell in 1868, and died in 1879 without issue. By a special limitation the title passed to his nephew, the present Lord.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Charles Mackay, LL.D., well known as a poet and littérateur, on Dec. 24, aged seventy-six.

General Thomas Maitland Wilson, Colonel 96th Foot, on Dec. 17, aged eighty-three.

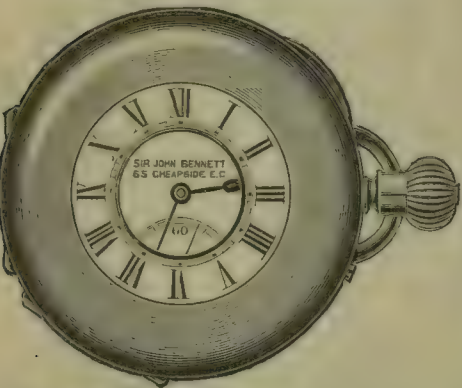
Sir Thomas Sidgreaves, late Chief Justice of the Straits, on Dec. 22. He was knighted by Patent in 1874.

Major Peter Egerton-Warburton, C.M.G., the veteran explorer of Central Australia, aged seventy-six.

Mr. Francis Albert Marshall, the author of "False Shame" and other comedies, on Dec. 28, at his residence in Bloomsbury-square, in his fiftieth year. He had been ill for a few weeks from jaundice.

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FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.

Greatly facilitates the process of Teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation; will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is

### SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Depend upon it, Mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and

### RELIEF & HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.

Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. per Bottle.

## DELICIOUS NEW PERFUME. CRAB APPLE BLOSSOMS.

(Regd.)



The fragrant, delicious, and universally popular new perfume of THE CROWN PERFUMERY CO. "A scent of surpassing delicacy, richness, and lasting quality."—Court Journal.

MADE ONLY BY THE CROWN PERFUMERY CO., 177, New Bond-street, W. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

## THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off. Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR. Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour. Is not a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin, or even white linen. Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 3s. 6d.

### NOTICE.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER may now be obtained in New York from the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO., 217, FULTON STREET, and all Druggists.



## WESTLEY RICHARDS & CO. LTD.

HAVE BEEN AWARDED  
THE GRAND PRIX AT THE  
PARIS EXHIBITION FOR THEIR



### PATENT EJECTOR DOUBLE GUNS and RIFLES and SPORTING EXPRESS RIFLES.

The only English Gun Makers who have obtained this Prize, which is the highest honour of the Exhibition. Over ONE THOUSAND of these EJECTOR GUNS are now in use.

CENTRAL-FIRE GUNS, from £10 10s. to £42.  
HAMMERLESS GUNS, from £15 15s. to £50.  
DOUBLE RIFLES, from £25 to £60.

For Price Lists and Drawings, apply by letter to  
WESTLEY RICHARDS & CO., LTD.,  
Gun and Rifle Manufacturers,  
178, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON; or  
82, HIGH STREET, BIRMINGHAM.  
ESTABLISHED 1812.

## UMBRELLAS.



SAMUEL FOX & Co., Limited, have added to their celebrated frames decided improvements (protected by Letters Patent) which give increased Stability and greater Neatness to the Umbrella.

SAMUEL FOX & Co., Limited, manufacture the Steel specially for all their frames and are thus able to provide exceptional quality at a merely nominal price over inferior makes.

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COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. FOR LIVER.

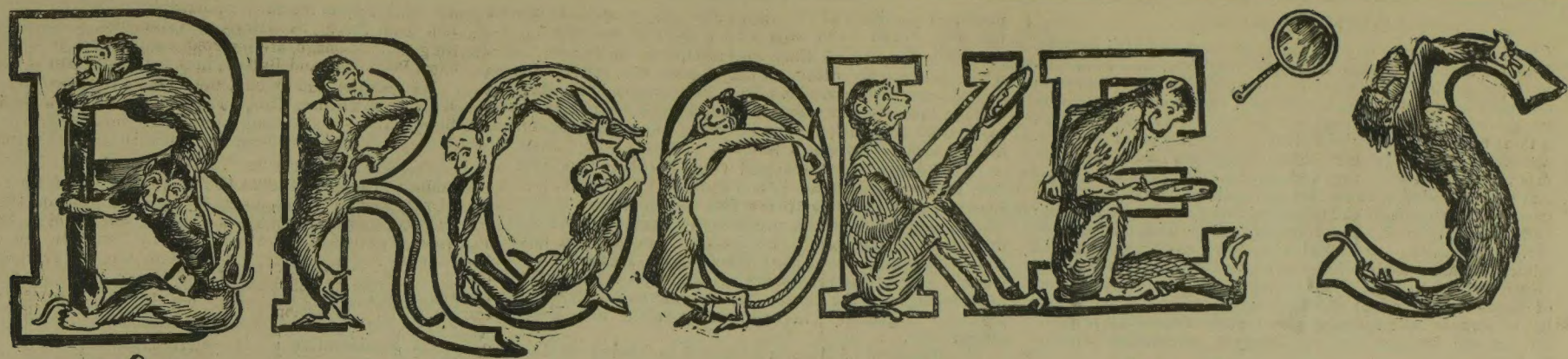
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COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. FOR HEARTBURN.

**ED. PINAUD**  
PARIS, 37, B<sup>d</sup> de Strasbourg  
ED. PINAUD's Celebrated Perfumes  
Violet of Parma Theodor  
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ED. PINAUD's QUININE WATER  
The world renowned hair  
tonic; prevents the hair from  
falling off.  
ED. PINAUD's IXORA SOAP  
The best soap known

SCHWEITZER'S  
**COCOATINA**  
The Queen of Cocoas.

*Makes Tin like Silver.**Makes Copper like Gold.**Makes Crockery like Marble.**Makes Windows like Crystal.**Makes Brassware like Mirrors.**Makes Paint look New.*

*For Pots and Pans. For Mantels and Marble. For Fire-irons and Gas Globes. For a thousand things in the Household, the Factory, the Shop, and on Shipboard.*

**WILL DO A DAY'S WORK IN AN HOUR.**

Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, and Chemists everywhere. If not obtainable near you, send 4d. in stamps for full-size Bar, free by post, or 1s. for Three Bars, free by post (mentioning the "Illustrated London News"), to

**B. BROOKE & CO., 36 to 40, York-road, King's-cross, London.**

## FOREIGN NEWS.

Christmas was kept at the Elysée in an unprecedented fashion. Madame Carnot entertained 400 poor children, who were conveyed to and from the palace in omnibuses, their schoolmasters and mistresses accompanying them. They were admitted by the garden-gate and ushered into the new Festival Hall, where a Punch and Judy show was given, followed by other performances. Next came refreshments, and then ten immense Christmas trees loaded with toys and sweetmeats. Madame Carnot and some friends distributed the gifts, which included an outer garment for each child and cakes and chocolate for the brothers and sisters at home. A savings-bank book with a deposit of 10*l.* was presented to each child on leaving.—Eight thousand Alsace-Lorraine children had their usual Christmas tree at the Hippodrome. Madame Floquet presided over the distribution of gifts.—At the annual sitting of the Academy of Sciences the list of awards read included the Janssen astronomy prize to Mr. Norman Lockyer, and the Montyon mechanical prize to M. Eiffel.

The Proclamation of Dom Carlos as King of Portugal took place on Dec. 28 with much ceremony at Lisbon. The King and Queen, scarcely convalescent from attacks of influenza, rode through the crowded streets, attended by a brilliant escort, to the Houses of Parliament, where the President of the House of Peers administered the oath, in which the King swore to maintain the Catholic religion and the rights of the Kingdom of Portugal. Heralds proclaimed to the crowd outside that the oath had been taken. The King and Queen next proceeded to the Church of San Domingo, where a "Te Deum" was sung, and thence to the City Hall, where the Mayor

presented the keys of the city. Next day a military review was held, and in the evening a State banquet was given.

The ex-Empress of Brazil died at Oporto on Dec. 28, somewhat unexpectedly, although her Majesty was suffering from a complication of ailments. Dom Pedro was at the Museum of Fine Arts when summoned, but before he reached the hotel his consort had passed away. Among the messages of condolence is one from Queen Victoria.

The German Court removed from Potsdam to Berlin on Dec. 30, the Imperial family and household being conveyed by special train. On New Year's Day the customary Levée was held in the White Saloon, preceded by Divine service in the Chapel of the Schloss. The Emperor has issued a Cabinet Order decreeing that the First Dragoon Regiment of the Guards, now called the Queen of England's Regiment, shall henceforth bear the name, "Queen of Great Britain and Ireland's Regiment," in conformity with her Majesty's official title.

The Emperor of Austria returned to Vienna on Dec. 27 from Miramar, where he spent the Christmas holidays with his family. At the Hofburg on the 29th there was a conference between the Emperor, the Archduke William, Inspector-General of the Austrian Artillery, and the War Minister, Baron Bauer.

The new Government of Newfoundland includes Sir William V. Whiteway as Premier and Attorney-General, and Mr. Robert Bond as Colonial Secretary.

Abnormally warm weather prevails throughout the northern United States. No frost is reported anywhere. An unparalleled circumstance at Christmas is that the great lakes

are as free from ice as at midsummer. Terrific thunder- and hailstorms, with wind having a velocity of sixty-five miles per hour, causing much damage, are reported to have occurred at Auburn, Utica, Rochester, and Buffalo, in New York State.

Mr. Stanley and Colonel Euan Smith have left Zanzibar for Mombassa, whence, after a brief sojourn, they will proceed to Egypt.

Our Portrait of the late Bishop of Durham is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker-street.

Mr. Arthur Duncombe, M.P., has been elected Chairman of the East Riding of Yorkshire Quarter Sessions, vice Mr. David Burton, resigned.

As Mr. Webster, an auctioneer, was conducting a sale at a public-house at Blackheath, Staffordshire, he found concealed in the drawer of a washstand, which he was offering for sale, £248. The effects belonged to a man named Bowater.

In consideration of the meritorious services of the late Chief Constable Williamson, the First Lord of the Treasury has directed a grant of £300 to be made from the Royal Bounty Fund towards a subscription which is being raised on behalf of Mrs. Williamson.

POSTAGE OF THE THIN EDITION THIS WEEK,  
JANUARY 4, 1890.

To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, *Three-halfpence*. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via U.S.A.), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, *Twopence*. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, *Threepence*.

CURE  
FOR  
RHEUMATISM

# IT CANNOT BE TOO WIDELY UNDERSTOOD THAT RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, GOUT, AND ALL KINDRED DISEASES

CURE  
FOR  
NEURALGIA

Are essentially INTERNAL complaints arising from the presence in the blood of Uric Acid, which has been checked at its natural exit, the pores of the skin, because these have become closed through exposure to cold or damp: hence the greater prevalence of these diseases at seasons and in localities where dampness and cold predominate. Such, briefly stated, is the whole secret of the complaints enumerated, to which may be added RHEUMATIC GOUT, FACEACHE, CRAMP, TIC-DOLOREUX, BLOTCHES ON THE SKIN, SCURVY SORES, SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, and all DISEASES OF THE BLOOD. It follows, therefore, that a remedy for the complaints specified to be thoroughly efficacious MUST be an INTERNAL Remedy, acting directly on the CAUSE. Such a Remedy is **KOPTICA**, the famous Persian Herbal Specific, guaranteed FREE from Strychnine, Arsenic, Colchicum, Belladonna, Henbane, Aconite, and all other injurious drugs, and can, therefore, be taken by the most delicate with the greatest confidence that it is thoroughly harmless. **KOPTICA**, by its wonderful solvent properties, disperses and eradicates the morbid conditions from which such diseases spring, scientifically combating the CAUSE, and must not be confounded with the numberless so-called EXTERNAL remedies upon which the uninstructed public waste their money, which only tinker with the EFFECT, without doing any material or permanent good.

## KOPTICA

IS MARVELLOUSLY EFFICACIOUS IN  
ALL CASES OF RHEUMATISM.

READ. READ. READ.

Mr. SAMUEL FRENCH, the well-known dramatic publisher, writes:—  
"To the Proprietors of **KOPTICA**.—Gentlemen,—About three years ago I was attacked with RHEUMATISM in my left knee so severely that it was with great difficulty I could attend to my business; my family doctor attended me for some time, but without affording me any relief. I then consulted an eminent specialist in Harley-street, and was under treatment for some time. I spared no expense to obtain relief, because, independent of the pain I suffered, I was terribly inconvenienced, and yet, after spending several pounds on doctors' fees and expenses, I found myself no better, but much reduced in strength by the treatment I had undergone, I therefore concluded that I was fated to be a long-time sufferer, and had so made up my mind, when an old friend who had tried **KOPTICA**, and knew its value, strongly advised me to try it. I was, as you may imagine, rather sceptical that such a simple nostrum, costing a mere trifle, could do for me what clever doctors and expensive treatment had failed to do; but my friend's faith was so strong that I was induced to purchase a bottle of **KOPTICA**, and commenced to take it in accordance with the directions. I did so much in the same spirit that a drowning man grasps at a straw, but feeling sure, from what my friend told me, that it could not do me any harm should it fail to relieve me. Judge then my surprise and gratitude when I found that within three days I was entirely free from pain, and have not since had a return. I was, of course, delighted, and lost no time in spreading the news amongst my own circle. One lady suffered from Neuralgia: I sent her a bottle of **KOPTICA**, and when next I met her her face was radiant with joy at the relief it had afforded her. Another friend, a gentleman, suffered from Rheumatism, and I sent him a bottle, with a similar result. I could enumerate quite a dozen similar instances within my own knowledge, besides many cases that I have heard of from others. With regard to myself, my knee has been entirely free since the time I refer to—now more than three months ago, but a few doses of **KOPTICA** soon set that right; and I am now as active and energetic as a man of my age could expect to be. The experience I have endeavoured to describe has quite convinced me that **KOPTICA** is a thoroughly genuine and reliable remedy, at all events for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and kindred complaints."

CURES  
GOUT



CURES  
CRAMP

**KOPTICA**. If you are suffering from any of the above ailments, send at once to your nearest Chemist for a bottle. It will afford you SPEEDY RELIEF. IT NEVER FAILS; and the trifling expenditure of **1*s.* 1*d.*** will save you vast sums which would otherwise go to enrich the doctors. If your Chemist has not got **KOPTICA** in stock, and he is an obliging man, he will get it for you; but if you have any difficulty, you had better send us the stamps for the amount, with 2*d.* extra for postage, and we will send you the sample bottle by return. **KOPTICA** is also put up in larger parcels, for family use, **2*s.* 6*d.*** and **4*s.* 6*d.*** per bottle, these containing respectively four times and six times the smaller quantity. Send at once to your Chemist for a sample, or make a note of the address of the Sole Proprietors,  
"KOPTICA CURE," 392, Strand, London, W.C.

## KOPTICA SPEEDILY ERADICATES RHEUMATIC GOUT.

READ. READ. READ.

A BAD CASE OF RHEUMATIC GOUT.

"2, King-street, Camden Town; May 9, 1889.  
"For some years past I have been a sufferer from Rheumatic Gout. About three weeks ago I had a very severe attack. I tried all the usual remedies without any good result. My son, Mr. C. H. Fox, of 25, Russell-street, Covent-garden, gave me a bottle of your **KOPTICA**, which I may say has acted like a charm. In forty-eight hours I was free from all pain. I am very grateful to you for this, and think I am only doing my duty by writing and letting you know.—Faithfully yours,  
"CHARLOTTE FOX."

A gentleman sent a bottle of **KOPTICA** to a friend in California, and received the following characteristic acknowledgment, which he forwards us for publication.  
"Los Galos, Santa Clara Co., California; April 29, 1889.

"Brother S.—Yours with **KOPTICA** came to hand in due time, and **KOPTICA** was received with much doubt and scepticism; but, as the 'isin' caught me in a few days, and it had come so far, I thought I would give it a chance, and did so—double doses at a time—and for some cause in two days was on deck. A few days after it came again, and I at once told **KOPTICA** to sail in, and experienced immediate relief. To-day it is on the other (left) side, and in milder form, and if 'K' knocks it over the ropes again, I shall be ready to present the belt and shout 'Long Live **KOPTICA**.'"  
"YOUR BROTHER SAWYER."

Subsequently the same correspondent writes:—

"Los Angeles; May 6, 1889.  
"Hurrah for **KOPTICA**! I am more limber than I have been for many a year. If I could reduce my waistband ten or twenty inches, I would be ready to run in or after a foot race with anyone."  
"YOUR BROTHER SAWYER."

### THESE ARE THE SORT OF LETTERS WE RECEIVE DAILY.

#### "COMPLETELY CURED."

Rev. D. G. DAVIS writes:—  
"Shirenewton Rectory, Chepstow, Mon.;  
"Nov. 23, 1889.

"Will you kindly send me three bottles of your **KOPTICA CURE**? One small bottle completely cured a labouring man who was suffering from violent neuralgia of head and face.—Yours truly,  
"D. G. DAVIS (Rector)."

#### "ONE OF THE BEST CURES OF THE DAY."

Mr. G. H. BRINKWORTH, of Windsorge, near Stroud, Gloucester, wrote, on Oct. 30, 1889:—

"I find you have got a remedy for neuralgia. I have at present got a friend suffering from the most awful pain, so please send me a bottle of **KOPTICA**, for which I enclose stamps."

A bottle of **KOPTICA** was duly forwarded, and, on Nov. 8, Mr. BRINKWORTH writes:—  
"Windsorge, near Stroud, Gloucestershire;  
"Nov. 8, 1889.

"Dear Sirs.—I beg to inform you that I received the **KOPTICA** all right, and I think it one of the best cures of the day. Enclosed please find stamps for another bottle, which please send by return, and oblige yours truly,  
"GEO. HENRY BRINKWORTH."

#### "AFTER TEN YEARS' PAIN AND MISERY."

"144, Colegrave-road, Stratford;  
"Sept. 30, 1889.

"Gentlemen.—Your remedy **KOPTICA** has proved a blessing to me, and no doubt will to numerous others. I have given it a month's trial, after ten years of pain and misery, brought about by kidney and liver troubles, the poison settling in my limbs. All other advertised remedies of no avail.—Yours respectfully,  
"MCCAUSLAND."

IN SHORT, EVERY BOTTLE SOLD SECURES A TESTIMONIAL. THEY ARE TOO NUMEROUS TO PUBLISH HERE.  
WRITE FOR COPIES. SENT POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

We have said enough to show that **KOPTICA** must not be confounded with the many bogus nostrums which are a cruel imposition upon the public, but that it is a genuine remedy which ought to be in every household for use when required; for it is without doubt the best and most reliable medicine of the age for the diseases named. **KOPTICA** can be obtained of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Ask your Chemist for **KOPTICA**, and if he has not got it in stock, and he is an obliging man, he will get it for you; if not, send stamps, and 2*d.* extra for postage, to the Sole Proprietors,

"KOPTICA CURE," 392, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

## CHOCOLAT MENIER.

Awarded  
HIGHEST HONOURS  
AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.

CHOCOLAT MENIER in  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. and  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb.  
PACKETS.

For  
BREAKFAST,  
LUNCHEON, and SUPPER.

CHOCOLAT MENIER.  
Daily Consumption  
exceeds 50 Tons.

CHOCOLAT MENIER.  
Paris,  
London,  
New York.  
Sold Everywhere.

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THE HUGUENOTS IN ENGLAND AND  
IRELAND. New Edition, with additions, 7*s.* 6*d.*

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1*s.* 6*d.* and 3*s.*

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SELF-HELP. DUTY.  
CHARACTER. THRIFT.

LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON. 21*s.*,  
7*s.* 6*d.*, and 3*s.* 6*d.*

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12*s.*

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

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(MAUDE MILLETT BRAND,  
REGISTERED).

The Favourite  
English Perfume.

ALWAYS REFRESHING,  
SWEET, and LASTING.  
Prices 1*/-*, 2*/-*, 5*/-*, and  
10*/-* per Bottle.

To be had of Perfumers,  
Chemists, &c.

Wholesale of R. HOVENDEN  
and SONS, 31 and 32, Ber-  
ners-street, W., and 91-95,  
City-road, E.C., London.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST AND MOTTO?  
Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic  
Office. Painting in heraldic colours, 7*s.* 6*d.* PEDIGREE  
TRACED. The correct colours for liveries, Arms of husband  
and wife blended. Crests engraved on seals and dies. Book-  
plates engraved in medieval and modern styles. Signet rings,  
1*s.* 6*d.* from 4*s.* 2*s.* Cranbourn-street, London, W.C.

CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX OF CRESTED  
STATIONERY—a Half-ream of BEST QUALITY Paper  
and SQUARE ENVELOPES, all stamped IN COLOUR with  
Crest or Address. No charge for engraving steel die. Wedding  
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street (corner of St. Martin's-lane), London, W.C.



**ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION**  
RHEUMATISM LUMBAGO.  
SPRAINS.

**ELLIMAN'S**  
UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION

BRUISES CHEST COLDS 1/12  
SORE THROAT from COLD-STIFFNESS

Prepared only by ELLIMAN SONS & CO. Slough Eng.

From a Clergyman.  
"Sept. 10, 1888.  
"For many years I have used your Embrocation and found it most efficacious in preventing and curing sore throat and cold.  
"On a Saturday evening I have sometimes felt a little sore throat, or have had a slight cold on the chest, in which cases I have rubbed in the Embrocation at night, put a piece of flannel over the part, and the next morning found myself quite recovered, and able to do a long day's work in Church and Sunday School."

An M.R.C.S. writes:—  
"Colchester, Oct. 16, 1888.  
"Many of my (human) patients use your Embrocation with benefit."

**Dr. Laville's**  
**Liquor**  
(Perfectly harmless)  
**GOUT** The unfailing specific FOR CURE OF  
& RHEUMATISM  
A single bottle sufficient for two to three months' treatment.  
Price 9/- everywhere.  
Or free by post (as well as the Pamphlet) of the Agents.  
**ROBERTS & CO., 76, New Bond-street, London.**

**JEWSBURY & BROWN'S**  
ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE  
**Oriental**  
**Tooth**  
**Paste**  
SIXTY YEARS IN USE.

CAUTION.—The Genuine only is signed JEWSBURY & BROWN'S. All Perfumers & Chemists, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. Pots.

**TORPID LIVER**

**CARTER'S**  
**LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, etc. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. 40 in a phial. Purely Vegetable, and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. Established 1856. Standard Pill of the United States. In phials at 1s. 1½d. Sold by all Chemists, or sent by post.  
Illustrated pamphlet free. British Depot, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

**USE**  
**F R Y'S**  
**C O C O A**  
PURE CONCENTRATED

To secure this Article, please ask for "Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa."

"It is especially adapted to those whose digestive organs are weak."—Sir Charles A. Cameron, M.D.

**FITS.—EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS.**  
If you want to be permanently and speedily cured of this distressing complaint, discard prejudice, and write to THE SECRETARY, Burwood House, Burwood-place, Hyde Park, London. He will send you, "Gratis," full instructions for cure, and advice on diet.

**THE "ANTI-PICKPOCKET" PURSE**  
FOR NOTES AND GOLD.  
Absolutely safe. Easily accessible to the wearer without removal.  
Buttons on the two Brace Buttons.



Worn inside the waistband of Trousers. A pickpocket cannot tell whether you wear it or not; and even if he knew you would feel the slightest attempt to touch it. (See Cassell's Magazine, Sept. 1889.)  
In Solid Leather, post-free, 1s. 1d., from  
**HERBERT ANDERSON,**  
16, HAMMERSMITH TERRACE, LONDON, W.  
THE TRADE SUPPLIED. Patent applied for.

**DR. DE JONGH'S**  
KNIGHT OF THE ORDER OF LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM  
KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR  
**LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL**

Incontestably proved by Thirty-five Years' Universal Medical Experience to be  
THE PUREST, THE MOST PALATABLE, THE MOST DIGESTIBLE, AND THE MOST EFFICACIOUS  
IN CONSUMPTION, THROAT AFFECTIONS, AND DEBILITY OF ADULTS AND CHILDREN.

**SELECT MEDICAL OPINIONS.**  
**Dr. EDGAR SHEPPARD,**  
Professor of Psychological Medicine, King's College.  
"Dr. DE JONGH's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil has the rare excellence of being well borne and assimilated by stomachs which reject the ordinary Oils."  
**Dr. SINCLAIR COGHILL,**  
Physician to the Hospital for Consumption, Ventnor.  
"In Tubercular and the various forms of Strumous Disease, DR. DE JONGH's Light-Brown Oil possesses greater therapeutic efficacy than any other Cod Liver Oil with which I am acquainted."

Sold ONLY in Capsuled Imperial Half-Pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d. Quarts, 9s.; by all Chemists and Druggists.  
Sole Consignees—**ANSAR, HARFORD & CO., 210, High Holborn, London, W.C.**  
CAUTION.—Resist mercenary attempts to recommend or substitute inferior kinds.

It is already Cooked—Requires neither boiling nor straining—  
Is made in a minute.

**Allen & Hanburys'**  
**Infants Food**

A Nutriment peculiarly adapted to the digestive organs of Infants and Young Children, supplying all that is required for the formation of firm flesh and bone.  
MEDICAL TESTIMONY AND FULL DIRECTIONS ACCOMPANY EACH TIN.  
Price 6d., 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

THREE MEDALS AWARDED TO PATENTEE.

**TILED** THE FLOOR COVERING  
**FLOOR-CLOTH** OF THE FUTURE.

An economical & lasting substitute for Ornamental Tiled Pavements. Unsurpassed for Durability. Beautiful Patterns, which do not wear through like ordinary Floor Cloth or Linoleum, nor will the Sections "kick up" as with Tiled or Parquet Floors. It is easily laid. The patterns are adaptable for all purposes—Halls, Corridors, Offices, Institutions, Galleries, Hotels, &c., wherever there is great traffic.  
SOLD BY ALL THE BEST FURNISHING HOUSES.

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PARTICULARS AND ILLUSTRATED LISTS FREE.



**CLARKE'S**  
**"PYRAMID" NURSERY LAMP**  
**FOOD WARMERS.**

WITH NEW REGISTERED PANNIKIN.  
By their peculiar construction—the glass chimney conducting and concentrating heat to the bottom of the water vessel—they give a larger amount of light and heat than can be obtained in any other lamp of the same class. Without smoke or smell.

**CLARKE'S NEW REGISTERED PANNIKIN.**  
By this invention any liquid food can be poured out or drunk without scum or grease passing through the spout, and prevents spilling when poured into a feeding-bottle, so unavoidable with all other Pannikins. The Pannikins will fit all the old "Pyramid" Nursery Lamps, and can be purchased separately.

**CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS** and **"FAIRY PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS**  
Are the best in the world, and the only suitable ones for burning in the above, and for lighting passages, lobbies, &c.—Sold everywhere.  
Price of Lamps, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., and 6s. each.  
If any difficulty in obtaining them, write to CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" and "FAIRY" LIGHT COMPANY, Limited, Cricklewood, London, N.W., for nearest Agent's address.

**Bouillon Fleet.**

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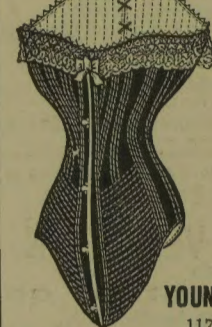
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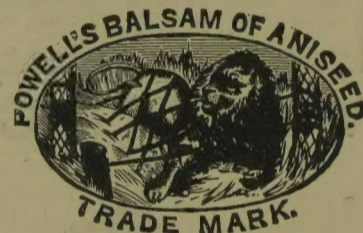
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